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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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Volume CCXXXIII No. 3036

The SPHERE, London, June 7, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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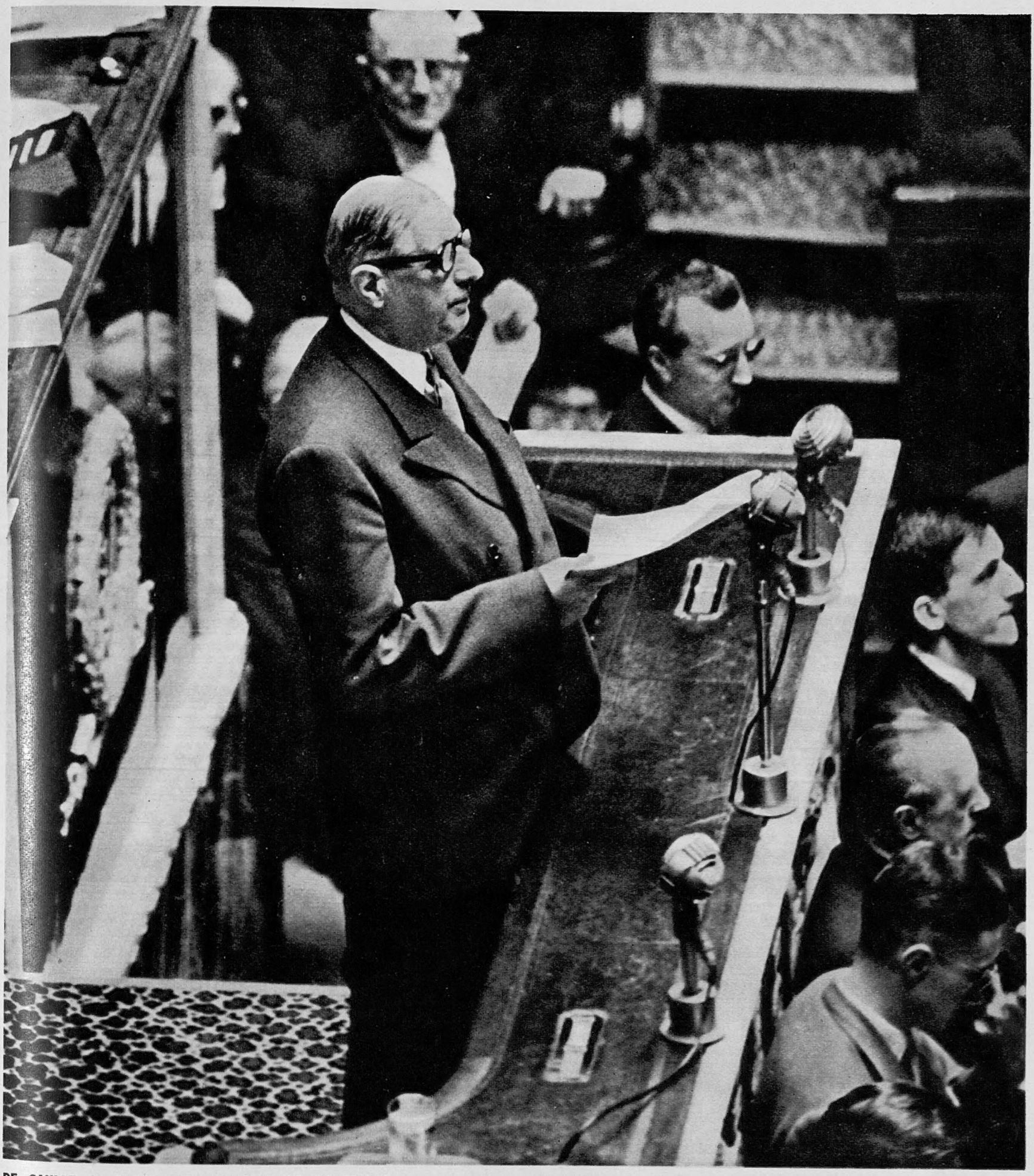

DE GAULLE AS PRIME MINISTER-DESIGNATE OF FRANCE—HE ADDRESSES THE MOMENTOUS SESSION OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY WHICH CONFIRMED HIM IN OFFICE: In his speech, which the General delivered in unemotional tones, he said that if elected he would ask for special powers for six months and propose plans for constitutional reform. After a lengthy debate he was voted Prime Minister by 329 votes to 224. On Monday the Assembly debated his demand for full powers.

With a small army of police and security forces surrounding the building, members of the National Assembly gathered in an atmosphere of extreme tension on Sunday afternoon. The Government benches were practically the only seats empty and the various galleries were crowded. At first almost unnoticed, a tall figure in a grey suit entered and made his way to the vacant Government seats. A roar of applause went up from the Right as he sat down. Charles de Gaulle had returned to the National Assembly after twelve years. Soon he went to the rostrum and read a brief declaration which took only a few minutes to deliver. The General said that if elected Premier, he would ask for special powers for six months. When these had been granted the Assembly would go into recess until the end of October. Then almost as unobtrusively as he had entered, de Gaulle left and the debate on his election began. In the ballot he received a majority of 105, the Socialist Party being divided about evenly for and against his investiture and the Communists being strongly against him. (Further pictures from France, Algeria and Corsica, pages 346–47–48.)

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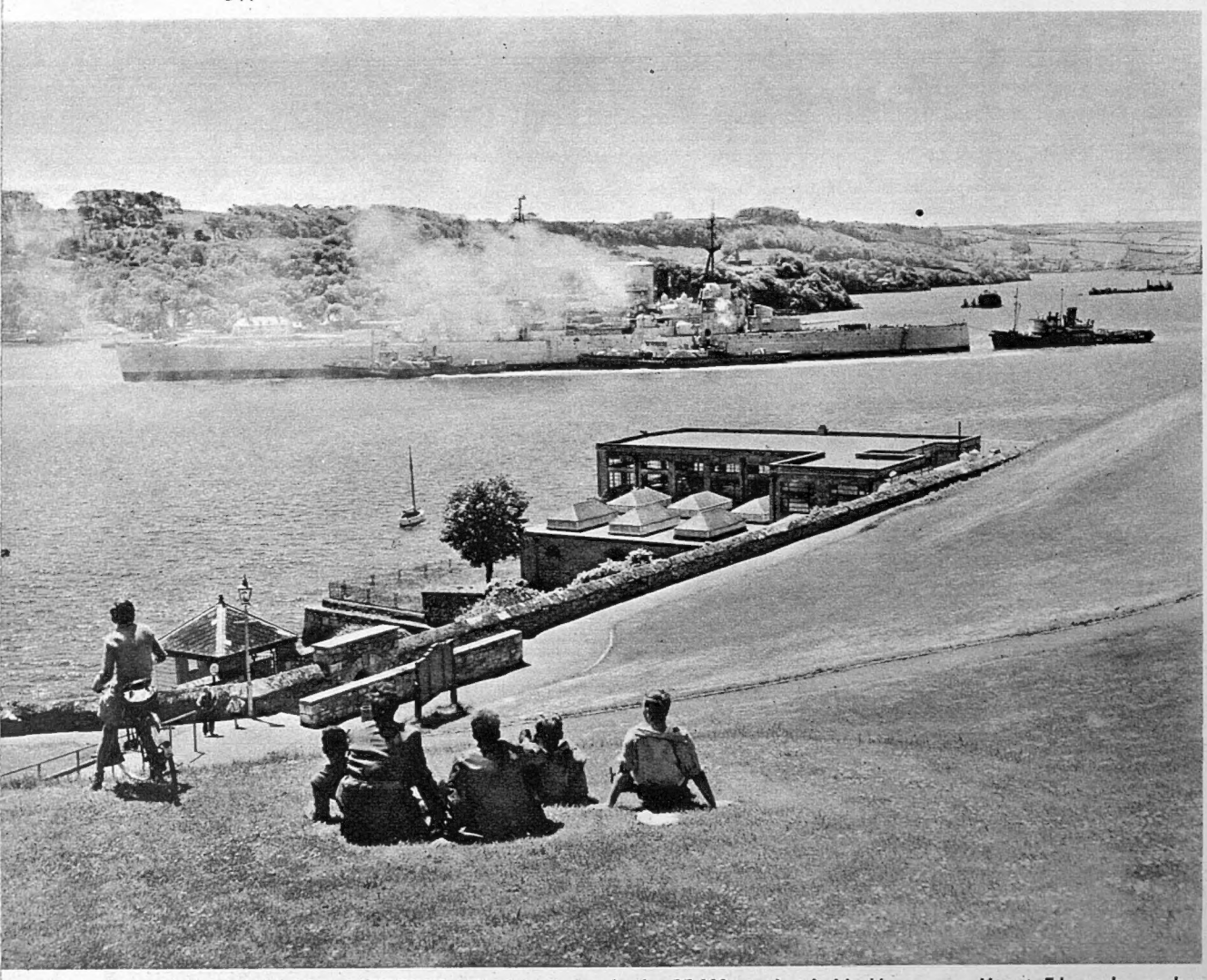


THE LAST DAYS OF A BATTLESHIP : Picnickers watch the 35,000-ton battleship *Howe* pass Mount Edgcumbe on her way from Devonport Dockyard to the breakers' yard at Inverkeithing, in Fifeshire. The only remaining battleship of the King George V class is H.M.S. *Vanguard*, being used as an accommodation ship at Portsmouth.

OAK-APPLE DAY AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL IN CHELSE takes the salute at the annual parade of Chelsea Pension were again raised for "King Charles II, our p

A London Newslet

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Fog Over France.—For many days past I find I have written for the Newsletter a paragraph a day on the latest available light that has emerged from the fog which hitherto has lain over the crisis in France and Algeria. I have found myself in common with almost every weekly journalist in a dilemma: whether to scrap the day-to-day developments, usually cancelled out by those of the following days, or to leave them to stand as a record of the most befogged of all political "mist processions" of our time and as a record also of the universal guessing-game played alike by Frenchmen and foreign observers. Week by week, in the exigencies of publication, I must go to press some days before a new issue comes out, and later news may well put my notes either out of date or contradict them by events, and I confess that the French crisis has given me a sick headache.

De Gaulle's Progress.—After M. Pflimlin's resignation, M. Coty preferred the first of the two alternatives left him: de Gaulle or an attempt at a popular front Government involving the probability of civil war. De Gaulle fixed his conditions. They were stern enough. First, the approval of the Assembly of his candidature as Prime Minister; second, full powers for his Government for six months, and (still "constitutionally" by referendum) the approval of a new constitution which would leave Parliament and the splinter-parties "in commission" while his fixed term of power lasted or the new reforms which will remove that fatal "bauble" are passed. De Gaulle had behind him the Army and newly-converted "patriots" of many political colours. On Sunday he received a majority in the Assembly for his candidature as Premier and announced a Cabinet which contained some surprise names. On Monday he was due to seek approval for his six months of special powers. It seemed that at last the shape of things to come was possibly a little clearer.

France's Black Hour.—Good out of evil? If the state of France could hardly have appeared worse to her friends and enemies outside in these last days, perhaps the crisis has brought good out of evil, if French politicians have reversed the Lewis Carroll series and looked at *France in the Looking-Glass* before turning to deal with *Algeria-in-Wonderland*. It is *their* affair. France's friends and neighbours can only watch in sympathy and anxiety the issue of this crisis of the Fourth Republic. One thing seems clear to most of us in the fog over France. There can be no hope of a restoration and renaissance until the machinery of Government and the quarrels and jealousies of the splinter parties end in self-reformation. The present machinery is incapable of restoring order out of chaos or respect out of contempt, cynicism and derision. Constitutional reform is necessary before the Algerian crisis can be tackled, and history may yet say that Algeria saved France, even at the cost of her Empire. There is not one of the other great democracies which may not learn a lesson from the bitter failure of the Governments of the Fourth Republic, the humiliation brought on France and the cynicism, apathy and discontent brought on Frenchmen, when "each is for a party and none is for the State."

Wolfenden Report and Homicide Act.—Mr. Butler was right in admitting that the Wolfenden report stirred public opinion vigorously, and that that opinion must have every chance to express itself. He could not say that a Private Member's Bill on the Order Paper of June 13 was assured of a hearing, but he wished it luck. If it is debated, I fancy the cons will come out as vigorously as the ayes on the proposed reforms, and that may not sort out public opinion very clearly or quickly into majority and minority. When Mr. Butler was asked whether the latest statistics of known murders since the passage of the Homicide Bill did not justify some of the apprehensions felt about it during its passage into Law, Mr. Butler replied: "So far as one can judge from statistics chosen in such a way, I suppose that would be true; but *it is difficult to go by statistics of this sort*." If these statistics are not prepared to assist the Home Secretary in particular, for whom are they prepared, and who pays for them? Here, it seems, is a chance for a small cut in expenditure, hitherto overlooked. Miss Hornsby-Smith got a rough reception for pooh-poohing the same "damned dots." But there are signs that a return to humanity may be on the way, and if it come, it may solve the murder wave *ambulando*. For Mr. Renton assured a questioner that while the wringing of the necks of chickens is a part of the reformative training in an approved school for girls, it is not compulsory, and, it seems, some of the inmates have shown a dislike for this item in their syllabus.

Liberal Broadcast.—Listeners who can still take these party-political broadcasts seriously must have given the new-old party, with its new-old remedies, a pat on the back for a well-organised show. If questions and answers seemed to have been carefully rehearsed, at least the answerers were "pat" to take their cues. The Liberals concentrated on four of our major "discontents," and, needless to say, have remedies in stock for each of them. Mr. Bonham Carter is clearly already in the Shadow Cabinet, but how the rest of the Shadow Cabinet will materialise "on the day" is anybody's guess. But that doesn't worry me. When a Government is to b formed, applicants for the key posts, such as Lor Chancellor, Foreign Secretary, and so on, usually find th their allegiance to other parties was after all not so stron as to interfere with their duty to themselves and to the country: to advance their own careers in order to "main tain the Queen's Government." So, granted the chanc and pretty well assured of thirty or so reasonably "good and true" office holders, what will the next Libera Government achieve if its word is its bond? It will pe prices and reduce taxation with a cut of £500,000,00 in Government expenditure on defence and other un necessary waste. It will cease to produce nuclear bomb giving a firm lead to world disarmament without losin influence over the U.S.A. and in the world. As for strike it will not outlaw them but will eliminate the likelihood o their incidence by not making the mistakes of othe Governments. And, while a Rent Act was justified, it was deferred too late and its evils would be cured by th Liberals' long-term policy of achieving a "property-owning democracy." In one sense, time is on the side o Liberalism. Its promissory notes are unlikely to fall du for several years. Meanwhile, all parties will be free t steal the clothes of other parties in the politica swimming-bath.

Learning to Walk.—Good out of ev again? The busmen's holiday—the cut-throat strike—seems to have taught some of the rising generation t use their feet—a healthy practice that went out of fashion when primary schoolchildren were judged incapable o "creeping like snails" for more than a few hundred yards Perhaps the resumed use of their legs may still further strengthen the health and the character of the risin generation. I heard the record of a famous private schoo in West London since the strike. It caters for 235 da boys from all over London between the ages of eight an thirteen. Since the strike began *not one* boy has bee absent, and none arrived more than fifteen minutes lat One boy who faces a ten-mile walk equipped himself wit a reversible placard bearing his destination. He is aged twelve. Walking is good. "Thumbing" perhaps a le desirable habit save in emergency. All things considered the busmen, in the act of cutting their own throats, mi have served the nation in teaching the rising generatio the virtue of walking and of initiative. If the practic survives the strike, there will be fewer colds and less p next winter to decimate the classrooms.

Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, C.I.G.S. (centre rear), in Figure Court. In the ceremonies last week, three cheers Founder," commemorating the restoration of the monarch.

The Shape of Jams to Come.—Those of us compelled to use the roads during a Whitsun holiday unfriendly in the main to open-air recreations, may fairly paint a picture of what the sea-coast roads will be like if the August Bank Holiday is fine and hot. If it is, I shall be surprised if that Bank Holiday of August 1958 does not at last jolt the Government and the nation to a realisation of a problem which seems insoluble and at present has only been tackled as a periodic " headache " with mild doses to ease the pain. Transport strikes have brought out more cars and made still more people determined to be " independent " of public services. A not unreasonable wish, but one which destroys the very freedom it seeks to create. I recall a hot Sunday last summer when the road from Singleton to West Wittering was a solid " stop and go " procession, bumper to bumper perhaps ten miles long. A driver, with his young family, at the tail of that queue turned out and turned back towards Harting, having precisely estimated that he could not hope to reach the sea till late in the afternoon, having started hopefully at 10 a.m. a journey of 30 miles. Multiply that congestion on a fine August Bank Holiday a year later and you may well believe that this problem (insoluble for years to come) will explode that day and may lead the Government in desperation to pass an emergency measure rationing the use of private cars at holiday times and staggering holidays with Draconian severity.

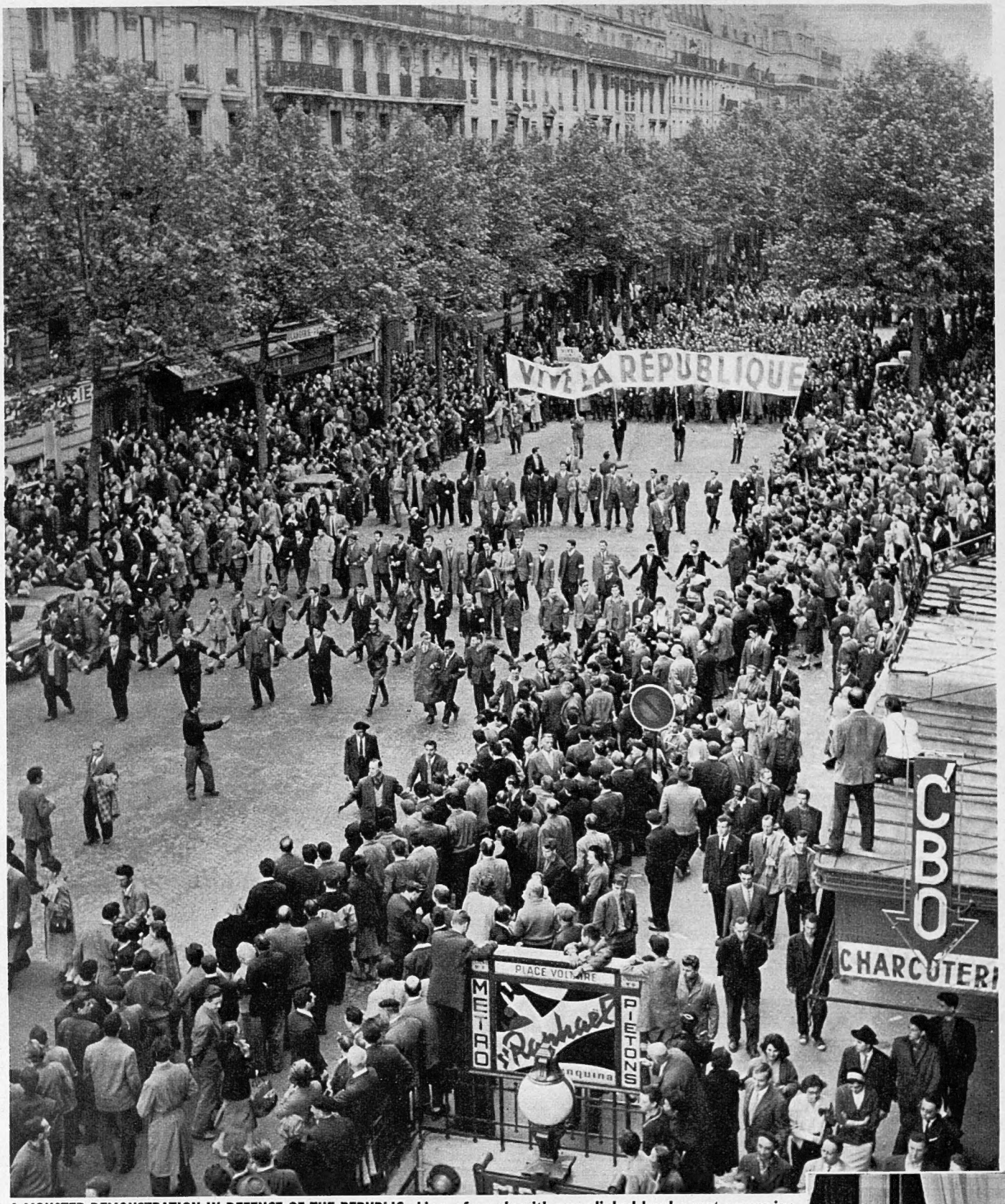
Poor Mr. Nixon.—Mr. Eisenhower gave Mr. Nixon a " hero's welcome " on his return from his South American progress, and I dare say he deserved it; but that compliment did nothing to confirm poor Mr. Nixon's popularity anywhere on the American continent. At any rate, to judge by the clippings and the reprints sent to me from the States, Mr. Nixon is far from *persona grata* among a handsome section of the American public of both parties. One can almost believe that Mr. Nixon is indeed the chief prop and stay of the President against *his* chief critics who consider he has outlived his usefulness. For the thought that Mr. Nixon would take his place for the " duration " is so terrible to them that they spend their days in earnest prayer that Ike may be with them to the end. I don't know what it is about Mr. Nixon that raises these hackles in so many quarters. Most American journalists nowadays write so obscurely that a middle-aged or old-aged Englishman cannot penetrate their meaning. They talk of the " known realities of his character " as if he were an " old lag " whose list of convictions was only yesterday read out in the Old Bailey and published in the Press. Why can't they say what he has done to earn their contempt and hatred ? I feel sure he has never given the police a headache. I am sure he is only " party-politically " criminal. Perhaps he merely lacks the " right " sense of humour. Critics of the Eisenhower regime say that Ike and Nixon between them, " in a grotesque and horrible way," have made life itself a joke for Americans, and since " you can't make a joke on a joke," American humour is dead. That surely is propaganda, all too purple. But if American humorists have gone out of business, some hack writer might explain to us in plain English why Mr. Nixon is Doctor Fell.

The Dragon and the Housewife.—A week or two back I wrote about the athletic records of the " teen-agers " of to-day which so far surpass those of my own youth, and I could think of no explanation. I felt sure it did not lie in better conditions of diet or kit or tracks. A kind reader, anxious to solve my puzzle, sent me Mrs. Grant's *Housewives Beware* and suggested that the explanation might be deduced (contradictorally) from her arguments. It might be, he suggested, that the use of drugs in growing and preserving the foods we eat act as a " dope " (such as a wicked trainer might give to a racehorse) which temporarily peps up the athlete, while it softens his brain and shortens his life. Be that as it may, Mrs. Grant's book almost convinces me that for most of my seventy-odd years of life, I have subsisted on deadly poisons. " A little of what you fancy does you dirt." Before I opened her book, I had read an article on the terrible effects of drinking even the purest milk. Now I learn that sugar, in any form but honey, is worse for me than Prussic acid, and white sugar much more instantly lethal. Mrs. Grant's sample menus, calculated to supply a healthy balanced diet, are austere. I like my dinner, and could never be satisfied with one composed of jacket potatoes (the skins to be chewed entire), followed by grapes, dates or walnuts, and a breakfast of soaked oatmeal (with top milk, which ensures heart disease) and whole-wheat bread, washed down with a hot but sugarless drink, would never carry me through my morning's chores. So far as I can gather, complete safety lies in a continuous diet of minced raw carrot and a nicely prepared turnip (grown in dung) as a change. Such a diet, though eminently safe, would not long satisfy even Nebuchadnezzar, and I much doubt if Methuselah followed it. For me the wonder grows that, poisoned as I now undoubtedly am, I have for seven decades quite successfully fought the housewives' dragon and even quite often enjoyed the fight and kept my business dates. Yet there is sound sense in Mrs. Grant's arguments, and some attractive recipes as well.

Complacency of P.M.G. and His P.R.O.s.—It is a measure of the confidence which the public has so long reposed in the efficiency and punctuality of the Post Office that its recent and *still continuing* breakdown has come as such a shock. It is indeed a shattering loss of confidence, and I am astonished that the P.M.G. or his P.R.O.s have done so very little to explain it or to promise amendment. All my life I had regarded the Monarchy, the High Court of Justice and the P.O. as impregnably sound institutions. To-day I hardly dare trust the Post to collect or deliver my letters without long delays. I spoke a week or two ago of the delays in delivery of letters from the Southern Counties to London, W.C., and we had reason to believe that has been brought back to near normal. Now I have fearful proof that letters despatched from Cyprus in the past ten days have been delivered (tardily) to addresses in London while letters addressed to Sussex and posted in Cyprus at the same time have reached their addresses four days after deliveries in London. I often wonder what the job of a Government Department's P.R.O. consists in. If the G.P.O. employs one, he should to-day, at any rate, regard it as an urgent duty to allay public anxiety about the G.P.O. with some reasonable explanation. THE OLD STAGER

FOUR CANADIAN PREMIERS IN LONDON : At the Commonwealth Relations Office, Lord Home, the Secretary for State (centre), is seen with (left to right) Mr. R. L. Stanfield (Nova Scotia), Mr. H. J. Flemming (New Brunswick), Mr. Alexander Matheson (Prince Edward Island), and Mr. J. R. Smallwood (Newfoundland). They attended the opening of the office in Trafalgar Square, London, of the Agent-General for the Atlantic Provinces, of which they are Premiers.

THE OPENING OF THE BATH FESTIVAL : Sheltering under their umbrellas, spectators watch the Mayoral procession walk across Bath Abbey Churchyard during the inaugural ceremonies. Seats for the various attractions are nearly all sold.



A MONSTER DEMONSTRATION IN DEFENCE OF THE REPUBLIC: Lines of people with arms linked head a vast procession along the Boulevard Voltaire, in Paris. " Long Live the Republic " was the theme of the many banners carried. The demonstration, organised by the centre and non-Communist left-wing parties, was held while the future form of the French Government was still in the balance. Although uninvited, Communists also joined in.

CLIMAX OF THE FRENCH CRISIS

Events Leading to de Gaulle's Election as Premier

At an increasingly rapid pace the political drama unfolded in Paris last week. When M. Pflimlin resigned on the ground that the vote he received was not adequate with the Communist support subtracted, the first reaction was from those who favoured a continuation of the Fourth Republic. A monster demonstration was organised by the Committee for Republican Action and Defence, representing the parties from the Socialists to the M.R.P. Centre and the non-Communist Trade Unions. Three ex-Premiers, among them Daladier of Munich fame, walked in the procession. Although they had not been invited, the Communists and Communist-dominated trade unions joined in the march of well over 200,000 people.

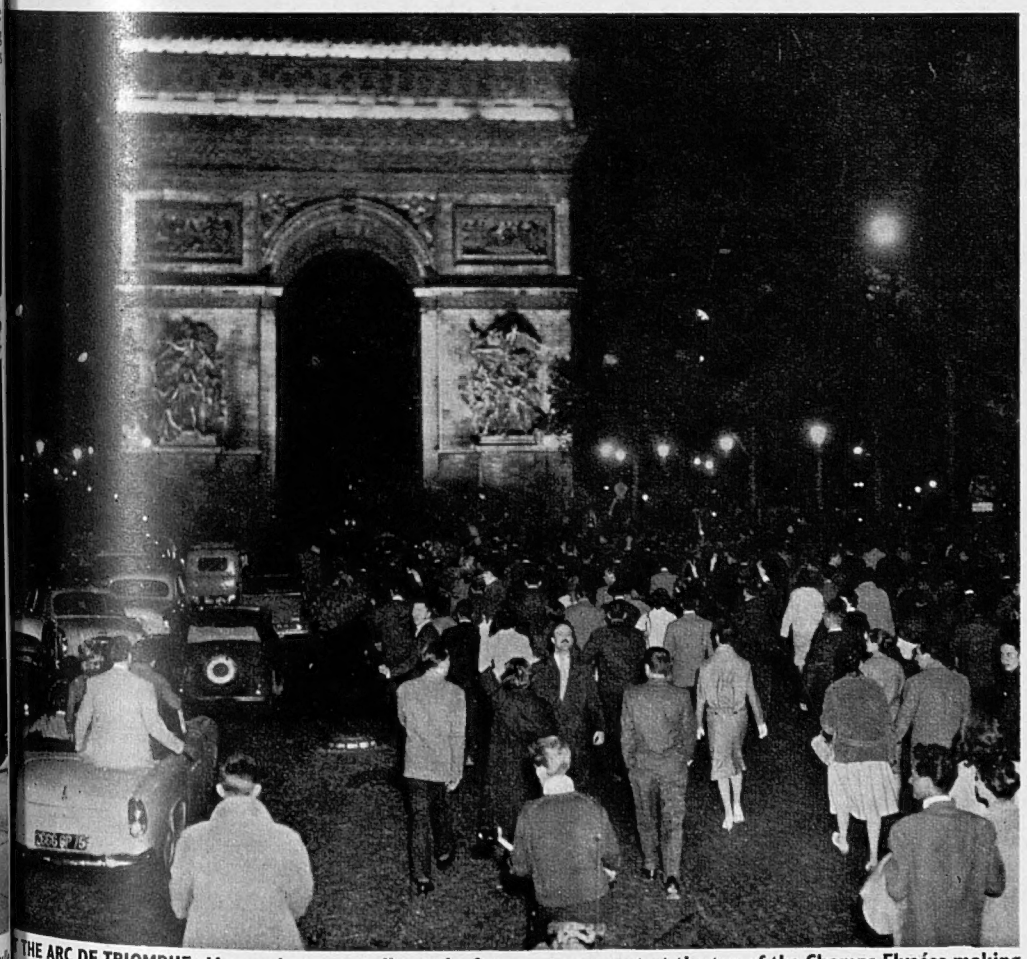
However, when President Coty made his momentous announcement that the choice before France was either de Gaulle or civil war, the mood of Paris seemed to undergo a sudden change. Supporters of the General appeared on the streets, making the " V " sign and chanting " de Gaulle to Power " to the accompaniment of car horns blaring out the rhythm. In spite of the rigid restriction on horn-blowing in Paris, the police took no action, many of them obviously favouring the demonstrators. Voices calling for a popular front were not entirely stilled and on Sunday there was a march by 10,000 Communists to Central Paris. This led to clashes with the police and street-fighting.

At the same time de Gaulle was appearing before the Assembly and laying down his terms for election. He demanded special powers for six months, and a recess of the Assembly until October, and stated he would outline constitutional reforms. The Socialist Party split over electing him. But M. Mollet, the Socialist leader and Premier at the time of Suez, was one of the de Gaulle supporters. He was named by the General among the four Ministers of State in his Cabinet of sixteen members.

TWO KEY MEN IN DE GAULLE'S ACCESSION TO POWER: *Left*—M. Guy Mollet, the Socialist Leader, arrives for a conference called by President Coty at the Elysée Palace. *Right*—M. Pierre Pflimlin leaves the Presidential Palace after resigning as Prime Minister. Both he and M. Mollet were named Ministers of State by de Gaulle.

PRESIDENT AND PREMIER: M. Coty is seen with General de Gaulle after asking him to form a Government. Previously the President had told the Assembly the choice was " de Gaulle or civil war. "

"LONG LIVE DE GAULLE"—PARISIANS RALLY TO THE SUPPORT OF THE NEW PRIME MINISTER: With arms raised and fingers opened in the wartime "V-for-Victory" sign, a crowd gathers in the Champs Elysées after the announcement that General de Gaulle had accepted the President's invitation to form a Government. Until this news was published there had been little sign of Gaullist enthusiasm in the French capital, the largest demonstrations being for the defence of Republican institutions and anti-Gaullist in tone.



THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: Men and women rally at the famous monument at the top of the Champs Elysées making the "V" sign and shouting "de Gaulle to Power." Many of the car drivers joined in the demonstration by hooting the rhythm of the slogan on the horns of their vehicles and police often indicated their approval.

TROOPS JOIN CIVILIANS IN CELEBRATING DE GAULLE'S TRIUMPH: The Tricolour is carried on a car driving through Paris. But there were also counter-demonstrations calling for a popular front.

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THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN EXHAUSTIVE AND METHODICAL SEARCH FOR EOKA TERRORISTS: British troops start to comb a hillside in an area near Limassol in one of the most thorough operations to date in Cyprus in the search for Eoka hideouts. Some 1,300 officers and men accompanied by tracker dogs and searchlights worked through an ever-narrowing area for several days, the final sweep being made in a valley about a mile long and half a mile wide. Every inch of the ground was most carefully scrutinised, the searchers being fully aware that Eoka members are expert at camouflaging hideouts and caches. Meanwhile there were outbreaks of savagery and disorder in some of the towns of the island, and murders, owing to internal disputes in both the Greek and Turkish communities. The Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, appealed for a return of order.

THE END OF AN ARMS DUMP: A house has been reduced to rubble after being blown up by British forces during the search operation against Eoka in Cyprus. A cache of seventeen bombs had been found. It was decided that the best way to deal with them was to blow them up on the spot. Engineers also blasted rock faces which might conceal hideouts.

On right—

RIOTS IN PANAMA: A band of youths flush a National Guardsman out of a bar in Panama City. Disorder began when students demonstrated against the Education Minister because of alleged poor conditions in schools. Street battles ensued in which seven people were reported killed after the National Guard had been called out to put down what Government spokesmen declared to be an "armed rebellion."

FIGHTING AN OIL FIRE IN PERSIA: Water flows from a pipe to form a reservoir close to the blaze at Ahwaz, near Abadan. The pipe had been specially laid from a river 25 miles away in the operations in fighting the fire under the direction of the American oil-fire expert, Mr. Myron Kinley. The fire was caused by a blow-out in an experimental well in the middle of April. It was hoped last week that Mr. Kinley would soon meet with success in the very difficult and dangerous task of extinguishing the blaze.

A VILLAGE BURIED BY VOLCANIC ASH: Houses are almost completely covered by black ash in a village on the island of Fayal in the Azores. There has been trouble from volcanoes before in this area and early this year it started again. After earthquake shocks had been reported off the coast, ash began to descend on the land. At first only single-storey buildings were covered but now two-storey houses are disappearing under the black mounds. An increasing number of inhabitants are having to leave their homes.

World Affairs

THE PROBLEM OF A REUNITED GERMANY

By JOHN CONNELL

IN his memorable television discussion with Mr. Ed Murrow the Prime Minister skilfully and genially deflated the word " problem " as it is currently used to describe any and every political issue, and pointed out that there are some issues which are not in any real sense problems at all, in that they are not capable of solution; they must be lived with, they must be endured, they may get worse, they may—if we are lucky, patient, courageous and sensible—get a little better. One such in our time is Germany. There is no final solution to the " problem " of Germany, any more than there was a final solution to that " Jewish problem " which Hitler and his sinister, crazy lieutenants created and exploited.

A week or two ago *The Times* published a brief letter, couched in the artless manner of Miss Rosa Dartle, to whose central question there is no immediate, comprehensive and truthful answer. Its author asked why the Western Powers are so insistent that Germany should be reunited, and pointed out that, since it is only a short time since Germany involved the whole world in disastrous suffering, he and most of his friends feel that it ought to be a long time before the Germans are strengthened and united, if only for the peace of the world. This is an attitude with which I have the greatest sympathy. Twice in my lifetime the Germans have, in pursuit of their expansionist aims, resorted to war, slaughtered millions and devastated most of once-civilised Europe; twice in my lifetime they have been necessarily and soundly defeated in the war they launched; and twice in my lifetime their conquerors have, a few years later, rehabilitated and restored them, staunched their wounds, let them off their debts, and rebuilt their economy.

After the Second World War this astonishing process has only been possible in the Federal Republic of Western Germany. The Russians, for their own purposes, have kept Germany divided; and without doubt they have used this division to promote embarrassment, alarm and discord among the Western Powers. But it is difficult not to see a good deal of merit in their basic concept of a divided and permanently weakened Germany—from our point of view, no less than from theirs. Are our statesmen therefore sincere in their repeated protestations that they eagerly seek and strive to achieve the reunification of Germany? Or are these protestations mere manœuvres on the cold war's diplomatic front? It is surely obvious to the State Department and the Foreign Office that a reunited Germany would present us in the West, just as much as the Soviet Union, with a whole host of difficulties and dangers which, at the moment at least, we are spared. How can we expect any Frenchman, any inhabitant of the Low Countries, any Norwegian, to regard with enthusiasm the prospect of being neighboured once again by a large, powerful, resurgent Germany?

It is doubtless humiliating—disagreeable even—for the Germans to know that the future of their country is being used as a bargaining counter by nations at present more powerful than they are; but this is (for the benefit of all of us, including the Germans) an experience which they must learn to endure with such fortitude as they can muster. Its discomforts are negligible compared with those which Hitler's New Order sought to impose—and imposed—on the rest of us. Cynical and selfish as our policy may seem to the Germans, they should console themselves by realising that the instruments of its execution are not the gas-chamber, the surgical experiment shed and the mass grave.

One of my closest friends in Israel was born and brought up in a little town in the Rhineland. It is not necessary to recount in any detail the sufferings which he and his family once endured at the hands of the Germans. Nowadays he works at the West German desk in his country's Foreign Ministry. This spring it was his duty to escort, on the kind of round trip always given to visiting V.I.P.s, a group of distinguished German editors. One morning on a mountain road in Northern Galilee their car was thumbed for a lift; the passenger they picked up was a constructional engineer on one of the big new reservoirs which are major features of Israel's landscape.

My friend told him who and what the visiting firemen were. " Germans," he said, " yes, I know them. I was a child in the Warsaw ghetto." He looked, said my friend, like a man who has lived many years with a persistently recurring nightmare and suddenly, in real life and in the bright light of day, encounters that nightmare embodied and walking.

" Do you want to speak to them ? " asked my friend.

The young man sat silent for a minute or more. " Yes, I 'll speak to them," he said at last; and he answered their questions civilly and with good temper.

The German people have a hideous record of infamy attached to their name; yet for the individual German—whatever his awareness of remorse and atonement, of guilt expiated and evil cleansed—it must be a searing experience to realise that there are millions of men and women throughout the world who, though they cherish no hatred and no bitterness, would regard such a meeting as I have described as an encounter with their worst nightmare. It is doubtful whether that realisation comes often to many Germans; that it does come at times and to some is a truth and a mercy. There were those audiences that came out, silent and tearful, from the stage presentation of *The Diary of Anne Frank*; there are the children who go, of their own volition, as pilgrims to Belsen.

Much of the time nowadays the nightmare is merely a troublous memory. The reality of contemporary Germany—" democratic," prosperous, energetic, rehabilitated Germany—is a busy and often perplexing phenomenon. Her people's recuperative powers are enormous, their courage is exemplary, their industry, skill and capacity for hard work even more so. Her salesmen have bustled their way back into the forefront of the world's markets; the English which they speak so fluently has numerous American intonations in it; their attitudes and patterns of behaviour are conditioned by defeat and occupation more deeply perhaps than any of them would willingly concede.

A whole nation appears to have striven, with a considerable degree of success, to discard—or to bury ?—its recent past. Militarism ? What sort of sinful thing is that ? The china-blue eyes gaze inquiringly at the foreigner, with his load of arms-guilt, his shame for Hiroshima, his dreadful complicity in the manufacture and testing of the H-bomb; surely, in the good German view, he is someone to be pitied. Germany's involvement in NATO is a curious process, a mixture of caution and flattery. General Speidel accepts a high post at SHAPE; Herr Blank and carefully selected generals, like the former Rhodes Scholar, von Senger und Etterlin (who commanded a corps at Cassino), address themselves to the task of rebuilding the German armed forces. And a sizable group of English dons sign a round robin in protest against the possibility of Germany getting nuclear weapons.

The Germans can hardly be blamed for asking themselves, in some confusion, what in fact the Western Powers want of them. We in the West are little nearer agreement about our policy towards Germany than we are about our policy in the Middle East. The United States wavers in one direction, Britain wavers in another; France is realistic and unforgetful; almost every other Western European nation has reason to fear and dread the emergence of a powerful Germany, unimpeded by the moral and physical restrictions which have been laid upon her these past twelve years. If ever the summit talks come off, the future of Germany must obviously take a high place on the agenda. Have the Western Powers in recent months seriously attempted to work out an agreed, consistent and practical policy about Germany? Could they present a united front to the Russians, or could Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues divide and disrupt the Allies as swiftly and as effectively about Germany as—since 1954—they have been able to do over the Middle East? Should Germany be reunited and rearmed?

The Germans have, in the main, persuaded themselves, and they would like to persuade others, that the events of 1945 wiped out all the old scores and that the slate is clean between themselves and other nations. I sometimes suspect that the Germans regard history's working-out as here in Britain we regard the Football League tables or a series of Test Matches. Their sorrows and their tribulations have been the result of losing; there is little or no sense of moral culpability attached to what they have undergone.

Yet obtuse and complacent as they are about any suggestion of their own wrongdoing, they are swift to attach blame to any conduct, on the part of their former opponents, of which they disapprove. There is in the Germans' attitude to international affairs what Walter Raleigh once aptly described as " a solemn and dogmatic ferocity." It has been there in their good times as much as in their bad; as successive British Foreign Secretaries discovered, over a period of about half a century, it made any attempt to reach agreement with them wearisome and disillusioning. Their diplomats and their politicians, from the time of the unification of the German Empire onwards, were brutal and suppliant by turns, and often sly and untrustworthy. Truth they despised, confidence they betrayed, frankness and honour they knew not. If Bismarck was the beginning, heavy with menace, Hitler and Ribbentrop were the climax of a terrible process of corruption and moral degradation on a scale seldom witnessed before among civilised societies.

It is argued that this is a process which has now ended, a gross and violent disease which afflicted the Germans, from whose effects they are now convalescent. It is frequently argued, too, that there, but for the grace of God, go we—or the French. True enough, if you give full weight to the grace of God, that saving, humbling, cleansing grace from which, for a long time, the Germans shut themselves off, as a nation if not as individuals. They turned from the light, and went capering, baying and mewing off into the dark; and evil became their good. The individual and collective recollection of this experience and its consequences, among people of other nationalities, is still strong. For this reason there is a moral and spiritual content in political and diplomatic relations with the Germans, which they, as well as the rest of us, would be unwise to slur over or ignore.

A GERMAN GENERAL AT SANDHURST: Commander of Allied Land Forces in Central Europe since 1957, General Hans Speidel inspects the guard of honour at the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst, during his visit last September. He is followed by the Camp Commandant, Major-General R. W. Urquhart. During the war, General Speidel was Chief of Staff of Field Marshal Rommel's Army Group (Western Front). He was arrested in 1944 on Himmler's orders and remained in Gestapo imprisonment until the end of the war.

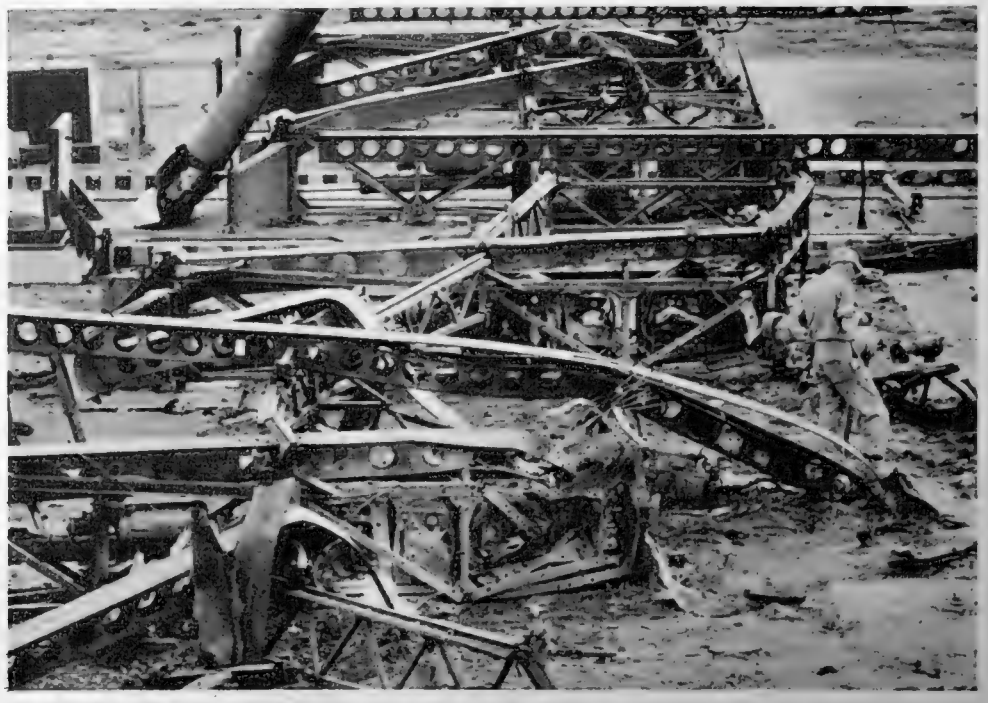
MISSILE DISASTER

Seven U.S. Nike Anti-Aircraft Missiles Explode at their Base, Causing Casualties

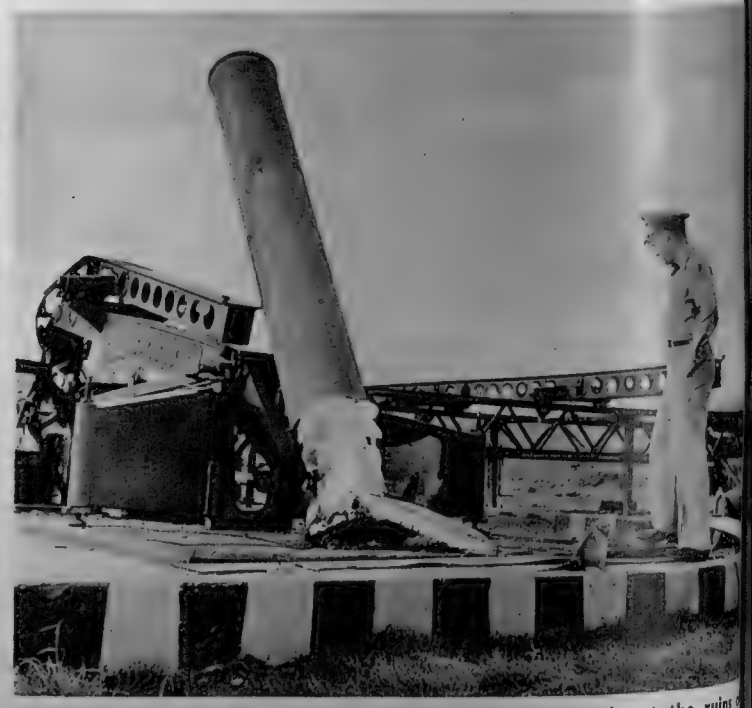
Considerable alarm spread throughout the United States when it became known that seven of the U.S. Army's Nike anti-aircraft missiles had exploded at their base at Middletown, Northern New Jersey, killing seven people and seriously injuring twelve. It was only after a spokesman emphasised that the missiles had no atomic warheads, so that there was no danger of atomic radiation or other hazards, that the tension, particularly for the people living in the area, was relieved.

The apparently accidental explosions occurred as five ordnance experts, aided by nine soldiers, were installing new arming mechanisms on the missiles. From the evidence it appears that one missile exploded and then set off six others in a chain reaction. Police and ambulances converged on the base, one of ten in Northern New Jersey designed to guard the New York metropolitan area.

Middletown base is equipped with the Nike-Ajax, the missile designed to bring down aircraft flying at altitudes of up to 60,000 ft. Liquid fuelled, it is 20 ft. long and 1 ft. in diameter. The Nike-Ajax, unlike its bigger brother, the Hercules, is not capable of carrying an atomic warhead. But loaded conventionally, each Ajax is believed to be able to produce a detonation force equivalent to more than a ton of T.N.T.



SEARCHING FOR THE VICTIMS : Rescue workers sift the mass of twisted steel that once formed part of the launching equipment at the base in New Jersey. Just before the first explosion occurred five civilians were working with a team at the launching-site of one of the missiles.



INSPECTING THE DAMAGE : A United States Army officer looks at the ruins of equipment used to launch the Nike anti-aircraft missiles. One missile took off and landed in the waters of Raritan Bay, two miles from the base.

EXPLOSION AT UNITED STATES MISSILE BASE: The camera looks down on the scene of desolation at the Middletown, New Jersey, missile base of the United States Army after seven Nike anti-aircraft missiles exploded. Seven people were killed and twelve seriously injured. So far as the U.S. Army authorities can ascertain, one missile accidentally exploded and then set off six others in a chain reaction.

SCENES FROM THE AIR AND GROUND AFTER THE BLAST: *Above*—Burnt-out Army vehicles surround the spot where the Nike anti-aircraft missiles exploded. *Below*—Shattered launching equipment covers the ground at the base. A burnt-out truck, in the foreground, bears mute evidence to the destructive force of the explosions which resulted in the loss of seven lives. Authorities have often assured people living in the vicinity that the Nike would be fired only in time of war and was completely safe. The site is 45 miles south of New York.

U.S. MISSILE CONE RETURNS FROM SPACE: The crew of the submarine rescue ship *Escape* put a lid over a container in which has been placed the nose-cone of a full-scale Jupiter intermediate-range ballistic missile which was recovered after its re-entry into the atmosphere. *On right*—The nose-cone is hoisted aboard the rescue ship. The Jupiter was fired from Cape Canaveral, the full length of the I.R.B.M. range, 1,500 miles, across the Atlantic proving-ground. Preliminary examination of the cone indicated the complete success of its protective skin. This had to face tremendous heat when the missile re-entered the earth's atmosphere at more than 9,000 m.p.h. Observers on board the rescue ship *Escape* traced the cone's descent and marked approximately where it went into the ocean.

"A LITTLE TRAIN WITH A BIG JOB"

A Six-mile, Narrow-gauge Railway in Tasmania Provides a Vital Service

In the north-west of Tasmania there is a railway which is small in length, in its gauge, in the size of its engine, and in many other respects. The line of six miles runs from Tullah to Farrell Siding. But in spite of its smallness it is vitally important to the local people, for it is their sole transport link with the outside world.

The 120 people who comprise the community at Tullah derive their livelihood from a silver-lead mine which in sixty years of operations has produced nearly £3,000,000 of concentrate. The vein is reported to be nearly worked out, but there is always the possibility of a new vein being found, so that mining and prosperity can continue.

There is no road to the township, nor is there an airstrip there. The inhabitants can travel only by rail on the 2-ft.-gauge line and the trip is often something of an adventure. Twice daily the little train (consisting of engine, ore car and freight van) makes the journey to and from Farrell Siding. It is not uncommon for the locomotive to jump the track. Then the driver and firemen lever and jack the wheels back on to the rails.

This task is not so herculean as it may at first sound, for the small engine weighs no more than 10 tons. No. 9, the locomotive in use at present, has been in service on the Tullah railway for a comparatively short time. But it is fifty years old, was built in Germany and worked in Queensland before going to Tasmania. Possessed of 8 h.p., it does not quite so readily jump off the track as its predecessor of 6 h.p. used to do. This latter engine was known affectionately as "Wee Georgie Wood" after the British comedian. It finished its career by leaping into a ravine. On being hauled out it was unserviceable.

When a locomotive indulges in such antics it should be obvious that the line must run through difficult country. It passes up hill and down dale through forests of eucalyptus trees and below slopes of fern and heather. Kangaroo, wallaby and snakes abound. A Tasmanian tiger (a species of wild cat) can sometimes be glimpsed. There are many sharp curves and daily maintenance and frequent repair of the track are necessary. A vital section is the bridge over the McIntosh River. In heavy rains flood waters rise and cover it. Then Tullah is completely cut off.

The six-mile journey takes about an hour. Stops have to be made twice for water for the engine. Up to eight passengers can be carried on benches in the freight van, the cost of a ticket being 2s. 6d. single and 5s. return. A vital item in the goods traffic is the supply of beer for the tiny hotel in Tullah. Also, of course, food and other necessities of life are taken into the township. On the outward journey the ore car is filled with silver-lead concentrate. At Farrell Siding its contents are transferred to the bigger railway and sent on to the northern port of Burnie, where most of it is loaded for shipment to America.

The "Tullah Limited" has been aptly described as a "little train with a big job." Its service is expensive to maintain—about £30,000 a year is spent on keeping it running. But the expense is well worth while, for annually it draws some 1,100 tons of silver-lead concentrate to Farrell Siding. Tullah may one day have a road. Until it does, and as long as the mineral veins continue production in the mine, the railway will be the mainstay of the community.

On right—

A VITAL LINK ON THE ROUTE TO TULLAH : The train passes over the bridge on the River McIntosh. At times of floods the water may rise and cover the bridge. When this happens communication with Tullah is completely cut off, for there is no road leading to the town and no air-strip there.

AT THE START OF THE RUN : The small engine hauling two trucks, one filled with ore from a silver mine, sets out from Tullah, in Tasmania, on its six-mile run over 2-ft.-gauge rails to Farrell Siding.

A STOP FOR WATER : Driver L. G. Marshall (in shirtsleeves) and Fireman Bill Winskill replenish their engine with water on the run from Tullah to Farrell Siding. In the distance of six miles two stops are needed for water.

THROUGH WILD TASMANIAN COUNTRY : The train steams through steep wooded hills. In the freight van at the rear, benches are placed for eight passengers.

A FIFTY-YEAR-OLD ENGINE : The firebox is cleaned out of engine No. 9 which, although a newcomer to the line in Tasmania, was built in Germany fifty years ago.

THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS

The Christian Democrats Fail to Gain a Working Majority

Single party rule seems unlikely after the results of the recent general elections held in Italy on May 25. The ruling Christian Democrats, led by Signor Fanfani, increased their votes by 2,000,000, and now hold 122 seats out of 246 seats in the Senate and 273 seats out of 596 in the Chamber of Deputies. But they are no more comfortably in command than before, since there was increased support for the Left-wing Socialists led by Signor Nenni, and for the Communists. Only the parties on the Far Right, the Neo-Fascists and the Monarchist parties, lost heavily. It is thought that the crisis in France was probably a factor in this loss of favour.

The situation is complicated by the fact that the Christian Democrats fought the elections alone, drawing attacks from all sides and making it difficult for Signor Fanfani to find an acceptable minority party as an ally. He might be confronted with the choice of either looking towards the more conservative Liberals or the Left-wing Social Democrats, neither of which is large enough to offer parliamentary stability. Nevertheless, the Christian Democrats have emerged with greater confidence from the elections, especially as it was the first campaign since the war that they fought without the magic name of Alcide de Gasperi.

AWAITING THE RESULTS: Inside the Ministry of the Interior in Rome, officials seated round the table receive the election returns from all over Italy. In the elections held on May 25, the Christian Democrats gained 12,500,000 votes, an increase of 2,000,000, but they did not obtain a clear majority. There were also more votes for the Communists.

On right—

ITALY'S PRESIDENT: Signor Gronchi shows his electoral certificate before casting his vote at a polling station.

ON THE EVE OF ELECTION DAY: Pamphlets litter a street in Rome, at the end of energetic campaigning. Both the Christian Democrats and the Communists and left-wing Socialists increased their votes at the expense of the Monarchists and Neo-Fascists.

A FINAL COMMUNIST RALLY IN ROME: Waving red flags and anti-H-bomb signs, crowds gather to hear the Communist leader Palmiro Togliatti. On the right is a giant replica of a priest's hat; one of the Communist rallying points is anti-clericalism.

IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL IN MILAN: Supporters listen to the Liberal Party Secretary, Signor Malagodi (on left), during a speech in his campaign. The Liberals increased their number of seats to four in the Senate and sixteen in the Chamber of Deputies.

THE SCENE AT THE START: Class III yachts in the Royal Ocean Racing Club's North Sea race from Harwich to the Hook of Holland jockey for position near the starting-line. *Petasus* (Royal Signals Y.C.), 1025 (centre foreground), in trying to return after having crossed the line too soon, collided with another yacht and retired, shortly after this photograph was taken. British yachts won all three classes in the race, 44 out of 49 yachts completing the course.

A FAIR WIND

Sailing Dinghies on the Thames and Yachts in the North Sea Race and at Burnham-on-Crouch

Over Whitsun the white sails and graceful lines of yachts and sailing dinghies were to be seen at many places in the country. Besides the race on the Thames for sailing dinghies, the Harwich to the Hook of Holland race, and the meeting at Burnham-on-Crouch, there were also the Royal Thames Yacht Club's regatta at Cowes and the international meeting for the Flying Dutchman class organised by the Whitstable Yacht Club.

AT BURNHAM-ON-CROUCH: On a broad reach up the river on the second leg of the race are Ro... Burnham One Design Class yachts during the Royal Burnham Yacht Club's Whitsun races. ... *left*—With its port side almost buried in the water, *Whimbrel* makes full use of the strong wi...

SAILING ON THE THAMES : With Charing Cross railway bridge and the Houses of Parliament in the background, competitors in the Enterprise class sailing dinghy race sail up the river towards Waterloo Bridge. The race started and finished at the Show Boat at the Festival Gardens and covered a course about ten miles in length.

CAPSIZING OVER IN THE WIND : One of the dinghies in the race on the Thames for Enterprise class sailing dinghies is manœuvred towards the starting-line. Negotiating the currents was a severe test of skill.

A CLOSELY-FOUGHT RACE : Three Royal Burnham One Design Class yachts sail so close to each other as to appear locked together. They are (from left to right) *Whimbrel* (N. F. Wilkinson), No. 9; *Simonetta*, No. 16, and *Aquamarine* (C. A. S. Cooper), No. 15. The race was won by *Whimbrel*.

A DESIRABLE ALIEN?

The Mink Joins Other Animals Introduced to Britain and Now Living Wild

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

SOME six or seven years ago I met a man in a pub in Dunsford, in Devon, who told me that he had seen a mink on the banks of the River Teign. He was a man who had lived all his life in the neighbourhood, working on the land; a man who knew all about ferrets and had worked them himself many times over many years. He would not have made a mistake like that. (Indeed, the very fact that he did not say that he had seen a polecat was convincing.) I was quite satisfied that, if he said he had seen a mink, he had seen a mink. But I did not take very much notice, for it did not seem to me to be of more than passing interest. I thought that it was just a single escape from some mink farm and that it would not survive for very long, even if it was not already dead.

I cannot say that, until now, I have ever given the matter another thought. But I have recently read a report in a paper about mink living wild in Devon, and apparently in very much the same area: at least, "in the area along the banks of the River Teign." If I had read such a report in almost any other paper, I would have taken it with a grain of salt. But I read it in *The Gamekeeper*, which is a professional's paper, read and very largely written by gamekeepers: and that is good enough for me.

This report interests me immensely—it says that these mink "have been running around wild in this area for several years now" and also that "they give the local poultry farmers something else to contend with as well as foxes." It looks as if that mink I heard about all those years ago was not a single escape and as though these Devon mink are established in a wild state.

The usual remark about escapes of this sort (these Devon minks are escapes and the descendants of escapes) is "Oh, well, it won't survive the winter." We regard our winter with much greater respect than do other animals. In point of fact, there are living in our midst (and mostly at our expense) a large number of animals which do not "rightly belong." We are so accustomed to the sight of some of them that we take it for granted that they have always been here. Actually, with but few exceptions, they have all been deliberately introduced. And probably, at some time or another, that remark about the winter has been passed about most of them.

The "let's-have-something-different-in-the-park" attitude has been responsible for many of the aliens now firmly established and leading a completely free life in our countryside. Personally, I think that this applies to the rabbit. I do not believe that the Normans brought in the rabbit for food: they liked stronger meat. I believe that the rabbit was brought in by some nagged baron to please his wife, who missed the pretty little white scuts gambolling at the foot of the castle walls as they had done at home in France. Certainly it applies to the deer. Who, at the beginning, would have thought that the Indian Muntjac and the Chinese Muntjac, the Chinese Water-deer, the Hog Deer and the Black-tailed Deer could have survived our winter without assistance? But they have. The Grey Squirrel, another "park" introduction, has also made light of our winter and multiplied exceedingly. It was deliberately released, and has become a pest. The deer, all of them, escaped and, though none of those I have mentioned can be regarded as a pest (none is present in sufficient numbers), another introduced species, the Japanese Sika, sometimes raids farm crops.

A bird introduction, which at one time caused great controversy, is the Little Owl. It survived a campaign of destruction, and is now an accepted part of our bird life. A much more important introduction was the pheasant (probably brought in by the Romans). Quite apart from its effect on the natural life of the countryside (which has been considerable), it has had the most tremendous effect on the social life of the nation, a more lasting effect than any other animal.

There have been other deliberate introductions, many of them in connection with sport: the Red-legged Partridge, the Rainbow Trout and the Black Bass to mention but three. But, in addition to the deliberate introductions, there are two other groups which may be described as "accidental introductions" and "commercial escapes."

The former group contains some rather startling members: the Bed Bug, the Cockroach, the Black Rat and the Brown Rat. There are many other examples of introduced insects (the Colorado Beetle is still engaged on reconnaissance), and likely to be more in the future, now that the airliner has annihilated distance—but the Bed Bug and the Cockroach will do to go on with.

Both seem to have reached England for the first time during the Tudor period. But neither could have become really common until well into the seventeenth century, since neither is mentioned by the poets and dramatists. Shakespeare devoted a good deal of space to the subject of bed and he certainly knew a great deal about fleas. But he does not mention the Bed Bug. Had he known it he surely would have done so. It would have made a strong appeal to his sense of humour and would have been a certain winner with his audiences.

The Black Rat was just about all we got out of the Crusades. It bustled off the returning ships, having joined them at Levantine ports, and settled down happily in a rat-free England. It brought with it bubonic plague. We now remember only the Black Death, which in the fourteenth century annihilated one-quarter of the population of Europe (an estimated 25,000,000 people), and the Great Plague of 1665, but, in fact, there does not seem to have been a single year from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth in which bubonic plague was not present somewhere in England. The last great outbreak was in 1866, when the Black Death ravaged Dublin.

We still have the Black Rat with us, but now it only has a foothold in a few of our ports. This is due not to our own efforts, but to the arrival of the Brown Rat early in the eighteenth century. There is nothing whatever to be said in favour of the Brown Rat from the human point of view: but, if we are to be unbiased, we have to admit that it shares with Man the distinction of being the most successful of all mammals. Wherever Man has gone, excepting only the deep Arctic, the Brown Rat has settled down alongside, and multiplied. Man is convinced that he stands unchallenged at the head of the animal kingdom, that he has no equal in all the world. Whenever we get a bit conceited about it, we would do well to remember that marching at his side, eating his food, defying his wrath, is the Brown Rat.

The "commercial escapes" are the fur-bearing animals, brought into this country to be farmed for their skins, which are highly prized by women, and are, therefore, certain to provide a good income for the successful farmer. The Musk-rat ("musquash") escaped in the 1920's and soon began to do enormous damage to river banks. It took some ten years and many thousands of pounds to get rid of them, but the job was done. It should be remembered that it was only done because the Musk-rat makes its presence so very obvious. The Coypu ("nutria"), which looks like a very large rat and may weigh as much as 20 lb., also escaped in the 1920's. It does not make its presence so very obvious, and is still with us, living wild in Norfolk and Buckinghamshire, and, perhaps, elsewhere.

THE MINK: A Hedlund White male investigates its cage on the mink farm of Major R. L. O. Waddington in Banffshire. It is reported that mink which have escaped from farms in Devon are running wild in the district round the River Teign. *On left*—Another animal introduced into this country, from North America, and living in a wild state is the grey squirrel. It has multiplied to such an extent that it has been classified as a pest.

And now, the Mink. If in Devon, why not elsewhere? There are many mink farms spread about the country, and animals must surely escape from most of them from time to time. Obviously, our winter has had no deterrent effect on the mink which have escaped and established themselves in Devon, and there is no reason why it should. The Old World Mink lives wild in Central Europe and South-West France: the American Mink puts up with the winters of North America very successfully. So long as it can get food and gain access to rivers—Mink are excellent swimmers and are particularly fond of reed-beds and such waterside vegetation—there seems to me to be no reason why it should not become established in other parts of the country as well.

It will, of course, never become a plague as have some of the others. This is a carnivore—the first to be introduced by Man in this country—and there are a number of limiting factors where beasts of prey are concerned. No doubt, its presence in a feral state will not be welcomed by many: no doubt it will suffer the fate of the Pine Marten, perhaps even of the Musk-rat. But personally I hope not. I think that in limited numbers (and there will never be more) it would be a pleasant addition to our fauna.

IMPROVEMENTS TO SHOREHAM HARBOUR, IN SUSSEX : This aerial view of the harbour shows the new breakwaters on the right and the new Prince Philip Lock in the centre. Dominating the scene, just beyond the lock, are the two chimneys of the massive Brighton "B" Power Station. The new lock was officially opened last month by the Duke of Edinburgh.

HARBOUR DEVELOPMENT

Aerial Views of the Extensions at Shoreham, in Sussex

The enlarged harbour at Shoreham, in Sussex, is now able to accommodate colliers of 4,500 tons which carry coal to the adjacent power station known as Brighton "B." Previously only vessels of up to 1,500 tons could use the port. The most prominent developments in the harbour enlargement scheme are the concrete breakwaters and the 370-ft.-long Prince Philip lock in the waterway. The concrete breakwaters stretch out over 1,000 ft. from the shore and form the entrance to the harbour which has been made both wider and deeper. Over 1,000,000 cubic yards of material have been dredged from the harbour at this point. The work at Shoreham, which has cost £3,000,000, has been carried out for the Central Electricity Generating Board by Peter Lind and Co. Ltd., under the direction of Sir William Halcrow and Partners. Apart from supplying the power station with its basic raw material, the enlargement scheme will bring increased trade to the port, which has been flourishing for some years. As well as the 4,500-tonners, smaller vessels are able to enter and sail over a greater tidal range.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOUR : It is about double the width of the old one. *On right*—The new Prince Philip Lock is on the left of the waterway ; alongside is the old lock. Shoreham lies at the mouth of the river Adur.

THE CLYDE QUAYSIDE IN MAY SUNSHINE: The view, taken from a gantry at a new ore unloading dock at General Terminus Quay, Glasgow, shows the Swedish motor vessel *Vasara* at her berth after bringing 19,000 tons of ore from Norway, the largest import cargo ever carried to Glasgow. Costing in the region of £2,000,000, the dock has been built by Colvilles Ltd., in collaboration with the Clyde Navigation Trust, to provide an up-to-date discharge terminal for iron-ore. It has been completely reconstructed and equipped throughout with new gear which doubles the rate of discharge from ore-carrying vessels. An ore-carrier containing a cargo of 15,600 tons can be completely unloaded within two days instead of the average rate of about seven days for a similar cargo at Rothesay Dock, Clydebank, which is still being used. The completion of the new dock marks a new stage in a major development in the Scottish steel industry.

ACCENT ON SHIPS

Glasgow's New Dock; a Yacht for America; Idle Ships; and Three Launchings

A NEW ANTI-SUBMARINE FRIGATE TAKES TO THE WATER: H.M.S. *Londonderry* is seen after her launching at the Cowes, Isle of Wight, shipyard of Messrs. J. S. White and Co. Ltd. Designed for the detection of modern submarines, the frigate is fitted with the latest under-water detection equipment and anti-submarine weapons of post-war development.

A YACHT FOR AMERICA: Shored up waiting for a favourable tide so that she can be launched is the yawl *Solent*. She has been built at the shipyard of R. and W. Clark, at East Cowes in the Isle of Wight, and is 37 ft. long. It is planned that after her trials *Solent* will be cocooned and shipped to her owner, Mr. E. R. Hack, of Weston, Connecticut, in the United States. The yawl, a two-masted craft, with a tall mainmast and a short mizzenmast, is believed to be the largest yacht to be treated in this way.

THE SHIPPING DEPRESSION: In this picture by Aerofilms idle ships are seen laid up in Barry Docks in South Wales because of the present freight rates which are not high enough for them to pay their way. In harbours and inlets round the coast of Britain about a hundred ships are at anchor. Over half a million tons of shipping, the largest amount to have been idle in Britain for twenty years, is laid up. An estimate of ships idle throughout the world is four or five million tons, apart from the " moth-balled " American reserve fleet.

A FLOATING CHURCH: The 75-ft. motor vessel *John Ashley*, for The Missions to Seamen, enters the water at the Hampton-on-Thames boatyard of John I. Thornycroft and Co. Ltd., after her launching by Mrs. Leopold Lonsdale, wife of the chairman of the Finance Committee, Missions to Seamen. The new craft replaces the converted Admiralty fishing vessel now in use as a floating chapel and recreation room for sailors. The new *John Ashley* provides accommodation for up to sixty people. Among those present at the launching ceremony were several descendants of Dr. John Ashley, founder of the Missions to Seamen.

A LAUNCH FOR THE BRISTOL PILOTAGE AUTHORITY: The *Nancy Raymond* undergoes her trials after she was launched recently at the Woolston Works of John I. Thornycroft and Co. Designed and built to order as a pilot launch, with an overall length of 54 ft., a 14-ft. beam and an extreme draft of 4 ft. 5¾ ins., she has a top speed of 12 knots, and at 10 knots a range of about 550 nautical miles. The *Nancy Raymond* has been carefully designed so that she can be easily boarded at sea. For protection when lying alongside another vessel two beltings have been fitted, one at deck level and one 15 ins. below. The launch has radar and V.H.F. radio-telephone equipment.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYMAKING IN DEVONSHIRE

By GORDON COOPER

ALTHOUGH most of my travel journeys are to foreign lands, they only serve to emphasize that the loveliest and in many respects the most interesting of all European countries is Britain. If I had to pin-point one corner of England which is especially fascinating I would choose Devon, for surely no other county can show a greater variety of landscape. If you want coastal scenery, there are some of the grandest cliffs in England—chalk cliffs, red sandstone cliffs, granite cliffs; and if you fancy moorlands, there are some as bleak and awesome as any in the country. Here, too, are deep and fertile valleys of extraordinary beauty, and rolling wooded hills.

I know of nowhere else in the world where wild flowers grow to the perfection of those in the hedgerows that border the Devonshire lanes. In the spring they are a picture which has to be seen to be believed. Small wonder, then, that to many exiles from England, living in distant lands, an English spring, idealised possibly, means springtime in Devon. Other factors which contribute to the attraction of Devon are its seaside resorts and their fine sands for the children, harbours for the yachtsman, and the old churches and castles.

Undoubtedly the most popular part of Devon lies in its southern portion, especially its coastline, more than 120 miles in length, which extends from Lyme Regis, in Dorset, to just beyond Plymouth. Along part of this coast is to be found a string of wonderful holiday resorts, although there are also, especially on the western side, many miles of wild loneliness. Torquay is undoubtedly the most frequented and most fashionable holiday resort, but mention must also be made of Sidmouth (with its memories of Queen Victoria), Exmouth (extensive sands), Dartmouth and Salcombe, both Meccas for the yachtsman, and Dawlish, Paignton, Teignmouth and Seaton, all family resorts. I like Brixham and Budleigh Salterton, too, while pleasant small resorts are Hope Thurlestone and Bigbury-on-Sea.

For the motorist, Exeter, the county town of Devon and famed for its cathedral, its castle and its city wall, is an excellent base. This city, too, which contains many examples of ancient and beautiful domestic architecture, is said to have withstood more sieges than any other town in English history. The castle, incidentally, was built by William the Conqueror. Good hotel accommodation is available.

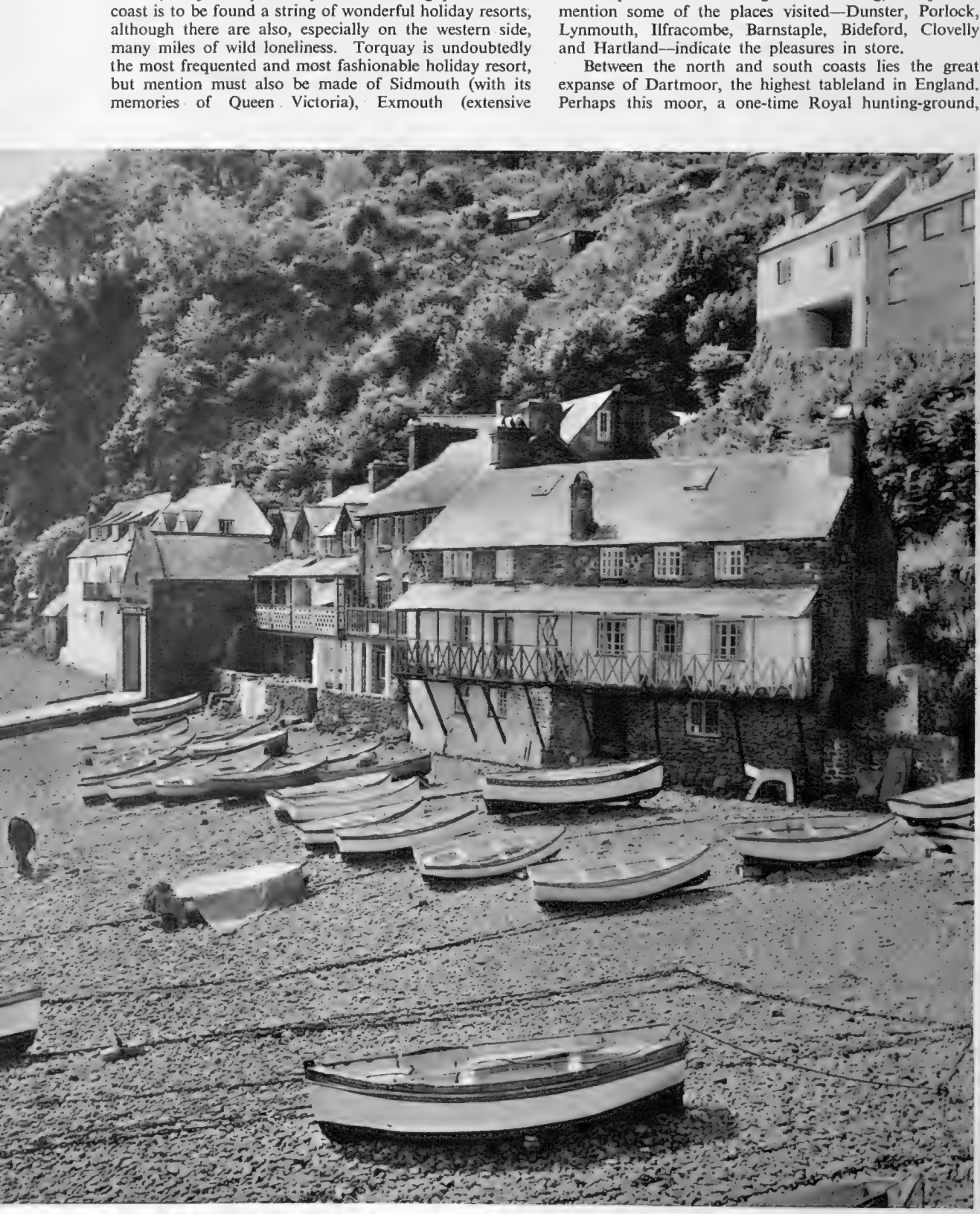
But it is the walker who is best able to appreciate the delights of the Devon countryside. Some years back I tramped, sometimes rather strenuously, along the coast from Lyme Regis to Plymouth, and was richly rewarded. There is a general absence of coastal roads, so it is only by travelling leisurely on foot that the spectacular coastline can be enjoyed. And I can assure you that the exercise is of greater physical benefit than many guineas spent in spas and nature cures. I have made a similar walk along the North Devon coast, between Minehead, in Somerset, and Tintagel, in Cornwall, a distance of 100 miles. It also presents some energetic scrambling, but just to mention some of the places visited—Dunster, Porlock, Lynmouth, Ilfracombe, Barnstaple, Bideford, Clovelly and Hartland—indicate the pleasures in store.

Between the north and south coasts lies the great expanse of Dartmoor, the highest tableland in England. Perhaps this moor, a one-time Royal hunting-ground, is an acquired taste. In fact, not a few newcom who get only a bleak glimpse of Dartmoor on a wet will be inclined to agree with one old traveller in belittling account of it as " dirty and mountainous." best of Dartmoor must be seen on foot, for roads few. One road runs across the Moor from Tavist to Ashburton, while another leads from Plymouth Moretonhampstead, crossing the first-named highwa Two Bridges, near Princetown. Between these roads the outer edges of Dartmoor are tor and bog and rol heather, countless streams and the sources of several riv This area is also peculiarly rich in prehistoric antiquit barrows, cairns, menhirs, kistvaens, stone circles, st rows and hut circles abound. The hut circles are the m prolific, hundreds of them being scattered over the mo The kistvaen is a stone chest, in which usually an containing the ashes of the dead was placed; sometir the actual body was interred in a sitting position.

Accommodation is rather a drawback to a holiday Dartmoor. At Two Bridges there is a good hotel, a it is a good centre for exploring the Moor. Princeto is the only village in the area, but, like its great pris it strikes me as being a bleak and dreary place. addition, it has an abnormal number of wet days, a each time I have been there I have found it shrou in mist or rain. There are, however, some pleas small towns fringing the Moor, those I prefer lying the north: Bovey Tracey, Moretonhampstead, Chagfo and Lydford being my personal selection.

Part of Exmoor also lies in Devon, with Simonsb as a good centre. Although villages are scarce, there miles of heath-covered hills and deeply-wooded vall offering glorious views. The wild life is also very int esting—red deer, ponies, sheep and birds of every descr tion. The angler, the geologist, and the botanist will find something here to appeal to them. This corner the county is one of the best spots in all Britain which you can escape from industrialism.

Plymouth, situated in a corner of the county, m be considered as part of, and yet as somewhat apa from, Devonshire. " Every schoolboy knows " that t city is one of our chief seaports. Everyone knows, to how this place has figured frequently in English histor and everyone knows of its war history when so mu of the city was destroyed. But Plymouth has risen aga and there is now a magnificent new City Centre.



ON THE NORTH DEVON COAST : Clovelly is situated on Barnstaple Bay and is popular with holidaymakers in both Devon and Cornwall. The main street descends steeply from the village to the beach, a part of which is seen in this photograph, which was taken on Ilford film. Donkeys are used in place of vehicles on the steep street.

FRANCE AND THE BAHAMAS

The London to Dinard Service by B.E.A. this summer has had its timing reduced by forty-five minutes, thanks to the introduction of Viscount aircraft. The Pionairs, Dakotas or D.C.3s have been withdrawn and the turbo-prop, pressurised 800s have taken their place. The journey to Brittany will be smoother and more comfortable, and all that is wanted now is a feeder service from Dinard to Brest, so that holidaymakers can enjoy the Atlantic coast from Douarnenez to Carnac Plage. Communications in this region are not good and an extended air service would make all the difference.

In future, if you pay your hotel bill in France with pounds sterling, in the form of travellers' cheques, 10 per cent. will be deducted. To some extent this will balance the advantage in paying hotel bills in free francs purchased at banks or travel agencies in this country at slightly better rates of exchange.

Most people think of the Bahamas in terms of Nassau, the cosmopolitan resort and capital of New Providence, but more and more discerning holiday-makers are turning to the Out Islands, where a number of holiday resorts have been created in recent years. They are easily reached by inter-island mail boat or, better still, by the many excellent air services which are available. One of the nearest islands to Nassau is Eleuthera, which looks like a worm on the map. It is 95 miles long with miles of glorious sandy beaches and several resorts.

There is an opulent ring about names like Rock Sound Club, Belmont and Governor's Harbour, but they are still very much away from it all, even though only twenty minutes by air from Nassau. Big-game fishing attracts many people to Bimini, where the Anchors Aweigh Hotel, Brown's Hotel, the Compleat Angler and the Sea Crest Hotel cater for their needs.

W. D. C. C.

From Plymouth sailed many of the Elizabethan adventurers, and it was to this port they returned after their exploits. Drake in the *Pelican* returned here in 1580 after his first voyage round the world, and his statue stands on the Hoe; near it is the Naval War Memorial, and farther on the Armada Monument. It is primarily, then, for its absorbing historic appeal that a visit to Plymouth is essential for anyone who loves England. Americans, of course, will want to see Sutton Pool, whence the Pilgrim Fathers sailed. And Australians and New Zealanders will also be interested, for it was from Plymouth that Captain Cook sailed in 1768 on his first voyage to Australasia. From this port, too, Captain Scott sailed on his last journey to the Antarctic.

While Plymouth to-day hardly ranks as a holiday resort, it may well appeal to some people. As a centre, it provides many interesting excursions into west Devon and east Cornwall. Boat trips can be made in various directions, both seawards and up the Tamar or the Lynher, which branches from it on the Cornish side. The river Yealm and the Eddystone lighthouse may also be visited in this way. And the front of the Hoe is perhaps the best bathing beach on the south coast.

Finally, there is the southern hinterland, below Dartmoor, where there are many places of historic interest and a lovely countryside. Torquay or one of the neighbouring resorts are recommended as attractive centres. Close to Torquay is the tiny village of Cockington, with its picturesque cottages set in a wooded valley; it is certainly strongly in the running for being the loveliest village in England. Close by is Compton Castle, one of the finest examples of a fortified house in the county, and Berry Pomeroy, where the remains of a Norman stronghold command this delightful valley.

One of my pleasantest memories is a steamer trip I once made from Dartmouth, up the Dart, to Totnes. Both are charming, ancient towns. Totnes is probably the oldest municipal borough in England. It has a charter of 1205, and the Mayor claims precedence over the Lord Mayor of London. At the proclamation of a new Sovereign, the Mayor takes his stand on the Brutus Stone, for there is a legend that the mythical Trojan hero, Brutus, landed here. The stone is said to mark the spot. Of more genuine appeal, however, is the ancient town itself: town walls pierced by gates, a castle, a fifteenth-century church, gabled houses and narrow pavements. The Butterwalk, with its overhanging houses, gives its street a curious dignity. Altogether, if you like a small, non-seaside town in which to stay and from which to make interesting excursions, I would commend Totnes. Dartmoor, for instance, is almost at the town's door.

Other places worth noting in the surrounding district are Buckfastleigh, with its fine abbey; Kingsbridge and Newton Abbot. Then a few miles farther on is Bovey Tracey (fine church), with a splendid prospect of Devon scenery from the surrounding hills; Hey Tor or Hennock. The Teign is here one of the loveliest of rivers. Here, too, you are in the land of "little pixie, fair and slim, without a rag to cover him." A peasant must wear his coat inside out, or cross their path at Christmas-time, to escape the spell of the pixies, those rascals who ride your horses and drink your best cider if you are not very careful!

ONE OF THE FAMILY RESORTS ON THE SOUTH DEVON COAST: A corner of the beach at Teignmouth, the popular resort at the mouth of the River Teign. Close to Teignmouth is the cliff formation of red detached rocks known as "The Parson and the Clerk." This formation can be seen from the railway as it runs parallel with the coast.

OUTSIDE TORQUAY: Anstey's Cove adjoins the famous resort. Torquay is undoubtedly the most frequented and most fashionable holiday resort on the South Devon coast which is more than 120 miles long. Along this coastline, from Lyme Regis (in Dorset) to Plymouth, are many other resorts varying in size and attraction.

SOME ASHLEY COURTENAY RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Exeter (near)	GIPSY HILL COUNTRY HOTEL, Pinhoe
Torquay	IMPERIAL
Totnes	GABRIEL COURT HOTEL, Stoke Gabriel (near Totnes)
Sidmouth	VICTORIA
Salcombe	TIDES REACH
Two Bridges	TWO BRIDGES HOTEL
Exmouth	ROYAL BEACON
Paignton	OLDWAY LINKS
Bideford	HOOPS INN, Horns Cross (near Bideford)
Ilfracombe	THE MOUNT
Lynmouth	THE TORS

SOME RECENTLY PUBLISHED AND RECOMMENDED TRAVEL GUIDEBOOKS

Blue Guides for *North-Western France* (42s.) and *Northern Spain* (45s.), published by Ernest Benn Ltd.

Michelin Guide, 1958 (22s. 6d.), a Michelin publication.

Guide des Touristes Gastronomes (22s. 6d.), published by Kléber-Colombes.

Handy Guide to Western Germany, by Bernd Boehle (21s.).

Varta Führer for Germany (37s.), published by Mairs Geographischer Verlag. A German equivalent of the *Michelin Guide*.

Where to Stay in Germany, by Bernd Boehle (35s.). A selective hotel and restaurant guidebook.

Chateaux of the Loire (12s. 6d.), an English edition of the *Michelin Guide*, published by the *News Chronicle* Book Dept.

Michelin Guide to Italy (in French), 18s.

Baedeker's *Autoguide to Switzerland* (30s.), published by George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

Logis de France, 1958. A limited number of copies are available free from the French Government Tourist Office (178, Piccadilly, London), otherwise direct from the Fédération des Logis de France (26, Rue d'Artois, Paris) against four International Reply Coupons for the edition without map or ten for the edition with map.

French Railways of To-day, by Vivian Rowe (Harrap. 10s. 6d.).

All the above books should be obtainable through any specialist bookseller; otherwise, from Edward Stanford Ltd., 12, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

AMERICA'S NEW NAVAL WEAPON

The Supersonic Bendix-Talos Guided Missile on the U.S.S. "Galveston"

DEFENDER OF THE U.S. FLEET: The monster Bendix-Talos guided missile is in position on board the U.S.S. *Galveston*, the first warship of the U.S. Navy to be equipped with this highly effective anti-bomber weapon which can reach the stratosphere.

SIXTY-FIVE MILES' LETHAL RANGE: Such is the potentiality claimed for the Bendix-Talos on the *Galveston*. The cruiser, specially converted to carry the weapon, was commissioned at Philadelphia last week.

The Bendix-Talos will certainly increase the defensive power of the U.S. Navy against attack from the air. Built by the Bendix Aviation Corporation, it is said to be able to destroy any known type of bomber at a range of 65 miles. With a speed of Mach 2.5 (two and a half times the speed of sound) it can reach stratospheric heights. According to Admiral Arleigh Burke, U.S. Chief of Naval Operations, Talos is "the best anti-aircraft missile in any arsenal in the world." The first American warship to carry the missile was commissioned last week at Philadelphia. She is the U.S.S. *Galveston*, a cruiser of the Cleveland class, which was completed in 1946. Work on converting her into a Talos-equipped ship began under the 1956 conversion programme. She has a "magazine" of forty-six of the missiles which are shot from a twin launcher situated towards the stern. By 1962 the American Navy plans to have eight cruisers armed with Talos in service.

A MODERN "POWDER MAGAZINE": Below decks Gunner's Mate First-Class Curtis Harvard examines the head of one of the 3,000-lb. ramjet missiles. It has a length of 20 ft.

THE LINES OF THE LATEST-STYLE WARSHIP: *Galveston* lies in the water at Philadelphia. Above her deck are her guns and a mass of complicated scientific equipment. The launcher for the Talos is aft.

THE MATCH INDUSTRY IN BRITAIN

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

STATISTICALLY speaking, enough matches are sold in Britain every year to supply every adult in the country with one box each week—or more realistically, allowing for non-smokers and all-electric homes, perhaps two boxes a week for every adult who does use them. That is not quite as many as were sold before the war, but the market is not shrinking at present: for the last five years it has been almost completely steady at about 17,500,000 "Customs Units" of 7,200 matches each annually. That measure is not as odd as it sounds. To count in matches or even in boxes would mean unmanageably big figures, and the numbers of matches in a box vary. And the Customs and Excise are very closely connected with this industry: more closely, indeed, than it would like.

The Customs and Excise are, in fact, the senior partner in it, financially speaking; they take nearly a penny out of every twopence you pay for a box of matches. The duty, now set at 13s. 9d. for every 7,200 matches that a shopkeeper sells, has trebled since before the war, while the price of a box has only doubled. Less tax, the retail price is only about half as much again as in 1939, which makes matches a relatively cheap article. This cheapness is indeed a matter of the units of currency; the need to change prices by a penny or at least a halfpenny a time tends to freeze prices for the individual box, making price increases few and far between. And though there is a certain amount of price cutting as between packets of a dozen boxes each, that same combination of currency unit and high duty makes price competition—per box—impracticable.

Competition is indeed rather a sore point in this industry—on two counts. First, this is one of the few products in the British economy where the whole of the output at present comes from one group of firms, the British Match Corporation. That dominance has long been an object-lesson for students of industrial concentration: in 1949, matches and match-making machinery formed one of the first "references" to the new Monopolies and Restrictive Practices Commission.

The Commission carried out a lengthy and painstaking investigation of the industry and reported in May 1953. It found that the British Match Corporation's virtual monopoly of match manufacture in this country, and its close trading arrangements with the Swedish Match Company, which is the world's largest manufacturer, tended to operate against the public interest and ought to be altered. And the arrangements to which it objected were altered: indeed, British Match and Swedish Match went somewhat further than the Monopolies Commission had suggested in contriving *not* to share out the British market between them. (Our Government, of course, had no power to compel the Swedish Match Company, which, among other things, owns 30 per cent. of the ordinary shares of the British Match Corporation, to agree to any changes at all.)

In the event, as has been said, the changes did take place. Their effect may or may not have been quite what the Monopolies Commission would have intended. In one sense, it has certainly increased competition; in another, it has reduced it. For the extra competition that was encouraged in this market has, in fact, finished off British Match's few remaining competitors in this country. When it was investigated, the British Match Corporation and its associated companies made about 92½ per cent. of the matches manufactured in Britain. Now they make 100 per cent.—but of a smaller total.

For what has happened has been a very large increase in the imports of foreign matches into this country—not unlike the increase in imports in the mid-'twenties that preceded the setting-up of the British Match Corporation by amalgamation of Bryant and May and the Swedish Match subsidiaries in Britain. In the year before the two companies modified their marketing arrangements, out of the 17,500,000 "Customs Units" of matches sold in Britain, 12,800,000 were made here and 4,700,000 came from abroad. Last year, the total was about 17,400,000 units: but 6,100,000 were foreign matches, and only 11,300,000 were British.

The extra competition from abroad came partly, but only partly, from Swedish Match and its subsidiaries in other countries. To quite a substantial extent, it came from behind the Iron Curtain: Russia sent in large quantities under a barter agreement in exchange for British textiles, and other imports came from Poland and Czechoslovakia. Nearly all of the foreign matches are cheaper than British—in the price at which the shopkeeper buys them—even after paying Customs duty, which is slightly higher than the Excise duty paid on home-produced matches. For several years, their foreign share of the British market has increased—though last year it looked as if British Match had managed to hold its own. The other British makers have gone out of business; and of the nine factories that it was operating six years ago, British Match itself has to-day concentrated production in only seven, which may soon come down to six.

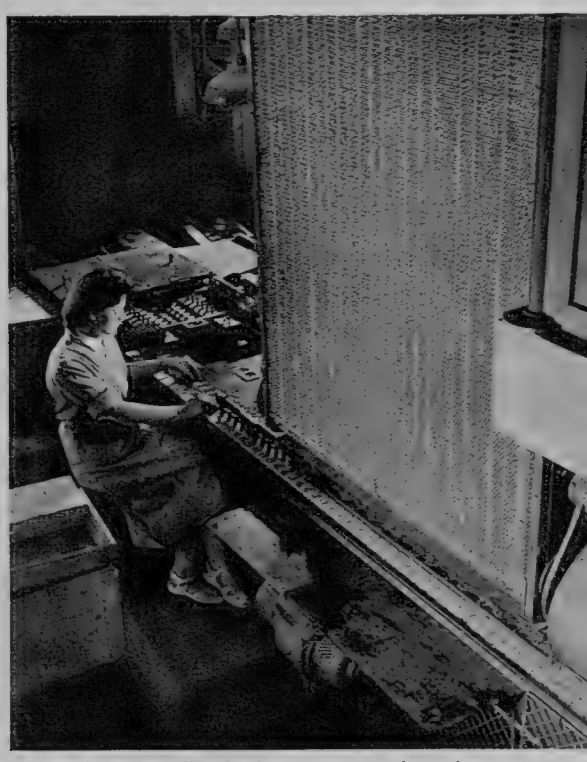
Why has the foreign competition been so effective? British Match is an efficient producer, is now concentrating on its most efficient factories, and is engaged on an investment programme costing about £1,500,000 to re-equip those with the most modern machinery. On the other hand, some of the matches which are imported so cheaply come from Communist countries, where it is difficult to reckon any cost of production that can be compared with Western accounting, and where "dumping," selling the matches abroad for whatever a foreign market will bear, is an accepted technique of trade planning. Nevertheless, competitors from Western Europe, Norway, Sweden and Holland can also undersell British matches. Cheap competition is not simply a matter of Communist dumping, or of lower wages abroad; it is also, and perhaps primarily, a matter of wood.

Although a match is lit, burns only for a moment, and is instantly thrown away, its requirements in the matter of wood are quite exacting. The timber must be straight-grained, fine-textured, and easy to work. If it is too hard, it may split or snap during manufacture, or when you finally strike the match. If it is too soft, it will bend and will not fit properly either into the machines or the match-boxes. Aspen and other kinds of poplar are the only kinds of timber generally available with the required qualities. The home gardener may object that poplar does not seem to him to burn very well. Oddly enough, this is not one of the qualities that matters; before you get the match, the business end of the wooden "splint" has in any case been soaked in paraffin wax to make it light quickly and in ammonium phosphate to stop the match smouldering once its flame has gone out.

Unfortunately, the kinds of poplar required for match-making are not available in Britain in anything approaching the quantities required—some 30,000 tons a year; practically all the timber used to make British matches is imported from Canada. Timber accounts for about a quarter of the total cost of a match; inevitably, this gives any country able to obtain its requirements from native forests a substantial advantage. Labour costs are not very significant in making matches: this is a highly mechanised industry. At the Fairfield Road factory of Bryant and May, which has been making matches since 1861, about 700 workers to-day turn out 10,500 gross boxes of about 50 matches each in an 8½-hour day.

It has been said that in match manufacture the natural form of industrial organisation is a monopoly: competition only works for its own extinction. It is certainly true that there are few countries where small companies can prosper in this business without artificial protection from the bigger, more efficient producers. This is a highly standardised product: in Britain about 85 per cent. of the matches used are of the standard size (perhaps a quarter of them safety matches and the other three-quarters "strike anywhere" matches), some 11 per cent. are Swan Vestas, and book matches account for no more than 4 per cent. of those sold. It is produced with great efficiency in machines which need very large quantities to attain that efficiency.

It is not an expanding market: though the cigarette-lighter and gas-lighters (which are taxed, in terms of effective "lights," only about a seventh as much) have not much eaten into the market for matches, they have certainly levelled match sales off. The size of the duty and the units of currency effectively preclude price competition in selling single boxes (makers can vary the number of matches in a box, but the customer is not likely to notice). This is certainly not an industry that offers an attractive field for the small man. And Britain's own sole producer can hardly be described as a vast industrial monopoly: all the matches made in Britain are produced by little more than 3,000 people.



MATCH-MAKING IN BRITAIN: *Left*—At the Bryant and May factory in London, match-sticks on a continuous machine pass through a paraffin bath to ensure that they burn correctly. After receiving their heads they are allowed to dry for about forty minutes before being packed. *Centre*—A section of the modern continuous match machine in which the sticks, having been transformed into drying matches, are carefully examined for quality after dipping. *Right*—The finished matches reach the packing stage. At the final stage the box will receive its striking surface, which is of red phosphorus and is painted on by machine.

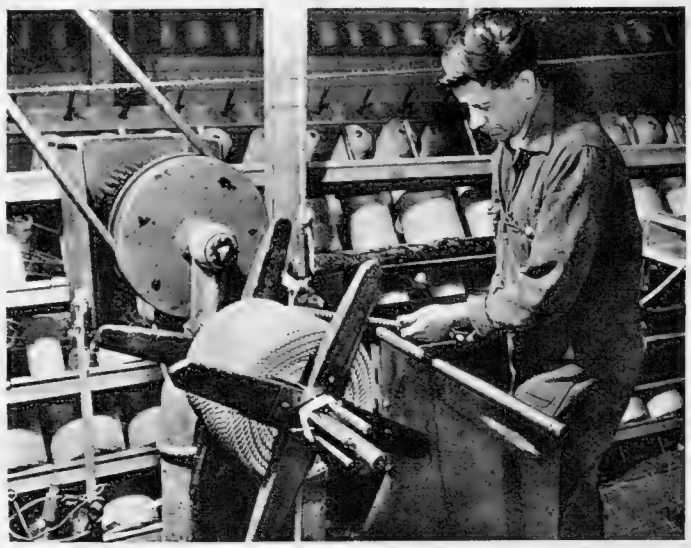
On right—

"SCEPTRE'S" ROPES

To avoid the possibility of losing valuable time in identifying the different ropes comprising the running rigging of *Sceptre*, the British challenger for the America's Cup, a simple colour code has been employed to enable instantaneous recognition while racing. The idea was put forward by David Boyd, the vessel's designer, and the two pictures on the right show various stages in the production of the Terylene ropes at the Port Glasgow works of The Gourock Ropework Co., Ltd., who are supplying all the running rigging, with the exception of steel wire rope halliards.

Terylene polyester fibre is supplied in filament form by I.C.I. Ltd. (in whose laboratories it was developed), and from this fine filament, rope-yarns are progressively built-up in special machines. Terylene has already proved itself as one of the most suitable and satisfactory of the synthetic (or man-made fibres) for rope-making, principally because of its very high shock-resistance and its resistance to sunlight attack and all forms of micro-biological attack, these properties (as in the case of nylon rope) being combined with great strength.

The Terylene ropes for the British challenger have been made in a variety of colours and are all colour-coded. For instance, yellow may be for spinnaker sheets, blue for halliard tails, and red for main sheet.

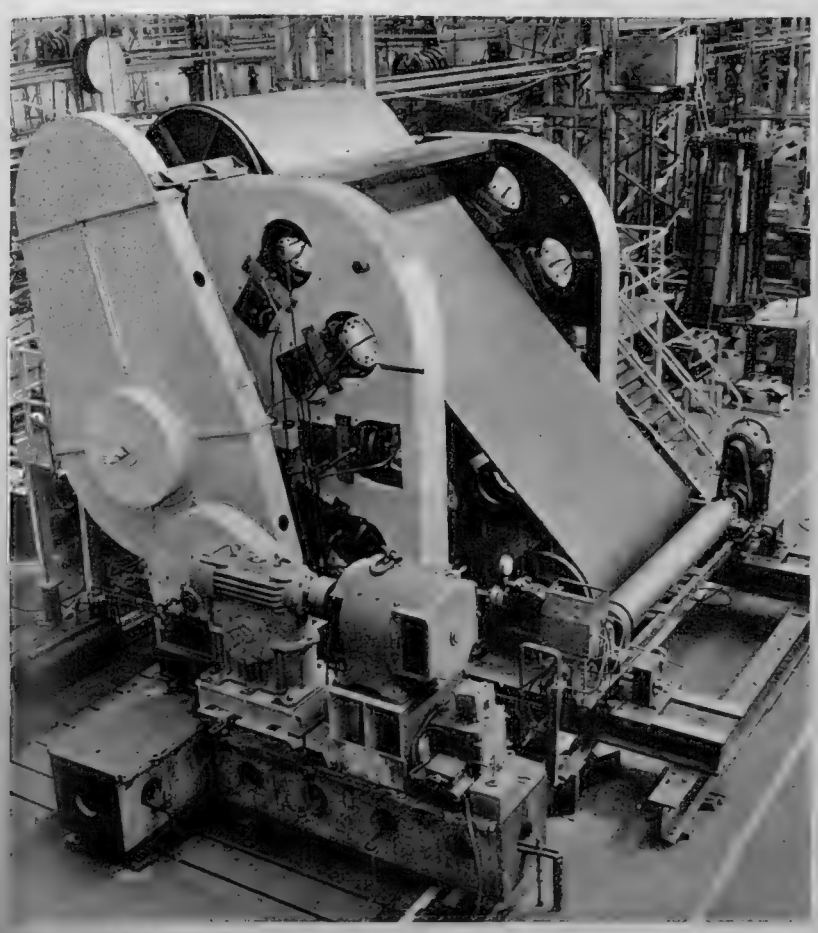


INGENIOUS OVERHEAD IRRIGATION

By mounting a Raingun on the arm of a tractor high-lift loader it is possible to get above the tallest crops such as hops, sugar-cane and orchards. This mounting has already been successfully tried in hopfields and the advantages and results have been exceptionally good. Where a tractor and high-lift loader can be spared for irrigation work, the Raingun can be driven to any position in a crop and irrigate from well above it. A length of flexible hose is fitted to the base of the Raingun and connects up with the aluminium or flexible pipeline bringing the water to the area being irrigated. The model "70" Raingun, manufactured by Farrow and Sons Ltd., of Spalding, Lincs, can cover an area of two and a half acres from one position. It can also spray in squares, thus avoiding the excessively wet or totally missed segments which make other forms of spraying wasteful and inefficient. An inch of water can be sprayed on the two and a half acres in under two hours—over twice the rate which could be achieved for the same capital outlay if sprinklers were used.

VAUXHALL'S NEW PARTS AND ACCESSORIES DEPARTMENT FULLY OPERATIONAL

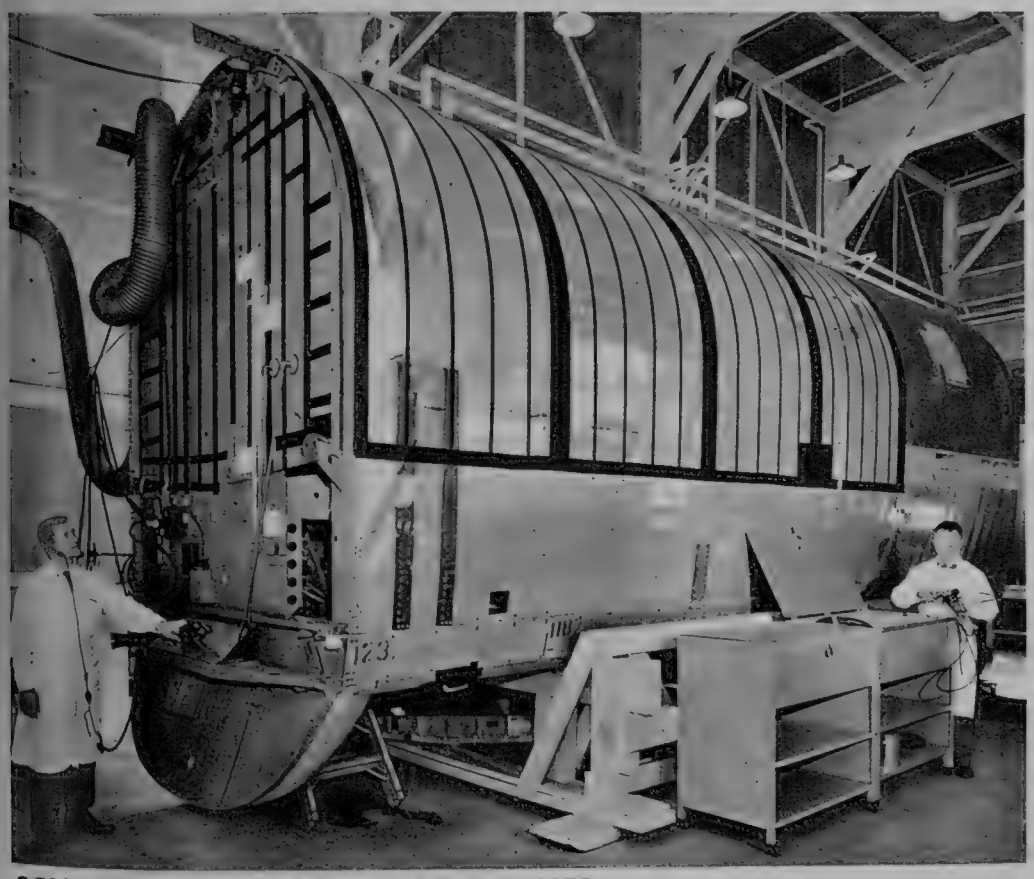
Vauxhall Motors' new Parts and Accessories Department, one of the last major projects in the Company's £36,000,000 expansion, is now in full operation. The aerial view *above* gives an impression of the size of the new headquarters at Dunstable, Bedfordshire, behind which is the Bedford truck plant. On the *right* is a view of the special storage racks for cabs, van and car bodies and chassis frames. Built at a cost of approximately £3,000,000, the department is located at the north end of the Bedford truck plant. The building has a total covered area of over 500,000 sq. ft. Of this total, 440,000 sq. ft. is taken up by the warehouse, which houses some 30,000 different types of vehicle component—everything from a complete car body to the smallest bolt—with a value of over £8,000,000. From this warehouse, where 520 people are employed, 170 tons of replacement parts are shipped every working day to Vauxhall and Bedford dealers throughout the world. It replaces the smaller warehouse at Luton and a number of subsidiary storage depots spread over a wide area.



200 YEARS OF ENGINEERING

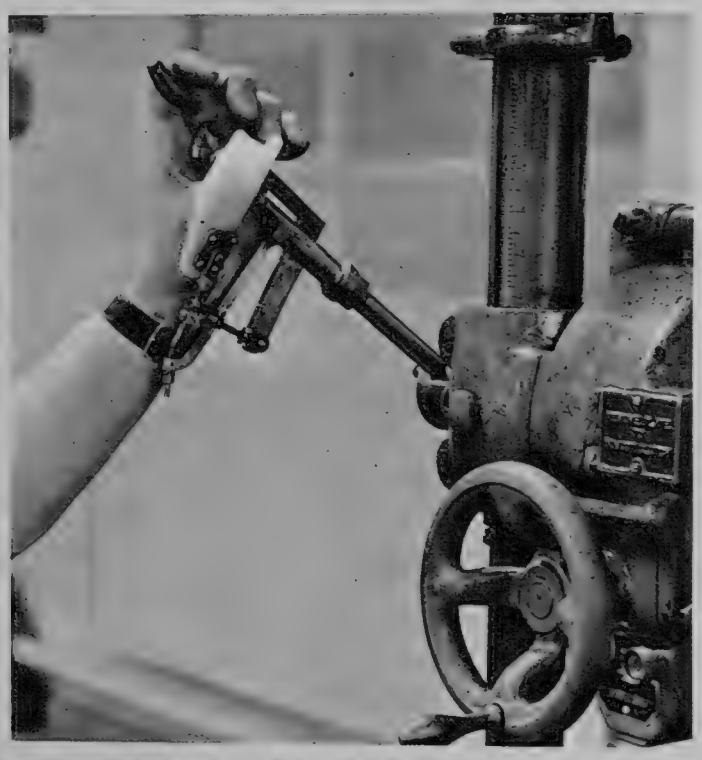
A linoleum band press for the continuous production of linoleum (with the drive mechanism in the foreground) is one of the wide range of presses produced by Fawcett, Preston and Company, a member of the Metal Industries Group. Other presses which the firm makes include a three-way press for the baling of bagasse, the fibrous residue of sugar-cane, so that it can be used in the manufacture of fibreboard; a mandrel stripping press, designed to strip the mandrel from transformer cores; and a synthetic fibre baling press, now extensively used in the Terylene industry. The firm is one of the leading baling press manufacturers in the world. Presses are designed not only for cotton, jute and wool, but also for coir yarn, silk cocoons, hides, cloths, hessian and man-made fibres. In recent years a compact press has been evolved known as the inverted grid press. Standing 30 ft. high, it is operated at two levels, being filled on the top floor with the bale finished on the ground floor. To celebrate the bicentenary of Fawcett, Preston and Company, of Bromborough, in Cheshire, the firm published a history titled *Fossets* last week. Founded in Liverpool as a warehouse for "three-legged iron pots," the company first built marine engines, then changed over to making sugar mills and baling presses.

THE MAIN FITTING AND ASSEMBLY SHOP: In this general view some of the 600 workpeople employed by Fawcett, Preston and Company are seen at work. The turnover is now approaching £1,000,000 a year; in 1858 it was £50,000, and in 1758 a few hundreds.



SCHOOLING IN SEALING TECHNIQUES

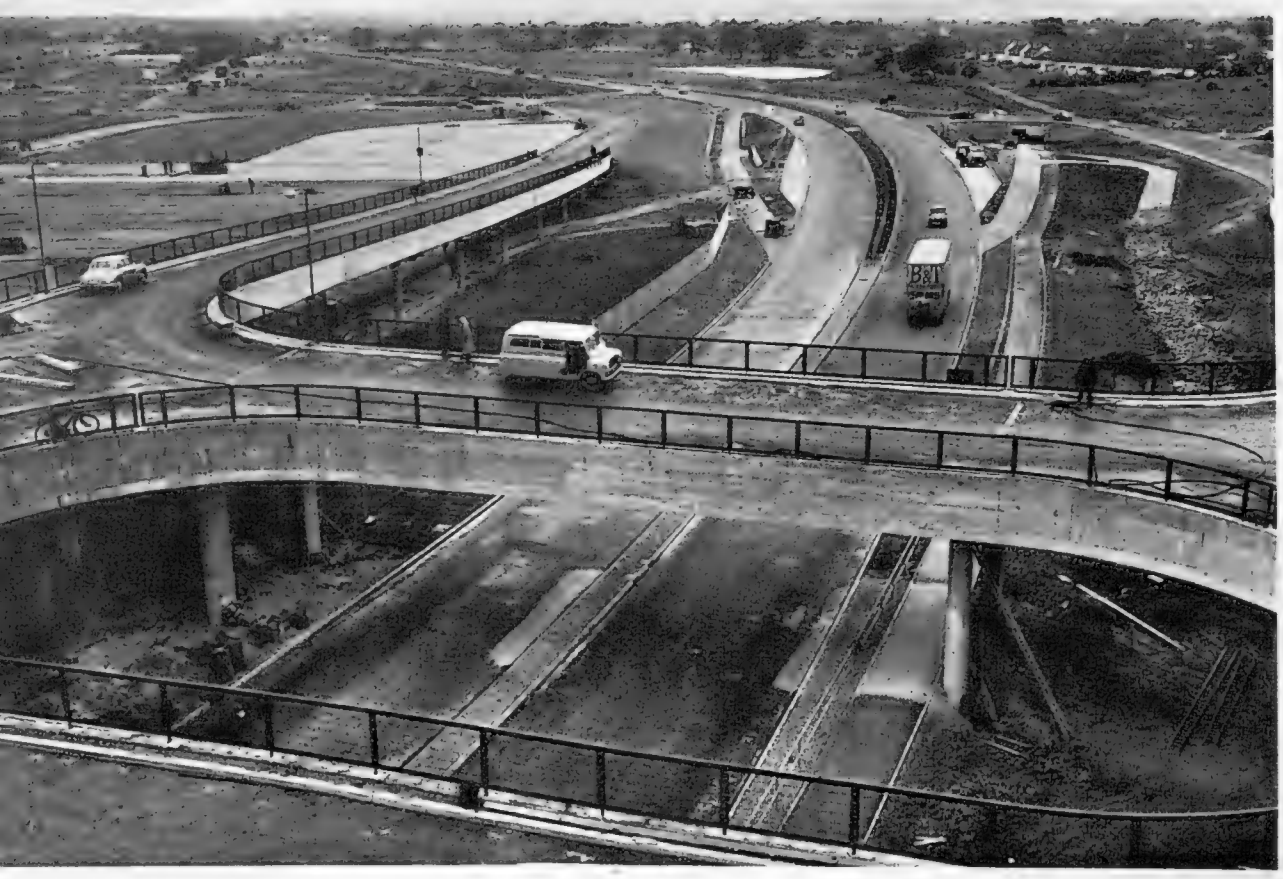
This section of the fuselage of a Boeing B-52 Stratofortress is being used by members of the United States Air Force in a course in aircraft sealing arranged by the Boeing Airplane Company, of Seattle, Washington. Flooded with a foot of water, the section is put under partial vacuum and any leaks show up as a stream of bubbles. The work of eliminating them forms the final part of the examination for course members in putting the latest techniques in sealing to use. At the end of the course, the section is to be moved to the Air Training Command's school in Texas for use in an advanced course of sealing technique. The B-52, an eight-jet swept-wing long-range heavy bomber in production at Seattle and Wichita, has a speed of over 650 m.p.h. The aircraft are powered by Pratt and Whitney J57 turbojet engines and carry a crew of six.



INDUSTRIAL REHABILITATION

The machine shown above is designed to help thumb movements during a course of rehabilitation after illness or injury. It is one of the many machines and instruments at the Doncaster Rehabilitation Centre which is open to male staff of the Eastern Region of British Railways in the Doncaster area of Yorkshire. The remedial treatment which a patient receives is based on the specially adapted machines which induce controlled and graduated therapeutic movements. At the same time the patients are producing work for which they are paid. Although the centre is situated away from the railway workshops, it is within easy reach of public transport. It was opened last year.

A NEW AIRPORT FOR LONDON: The view, taken from the air, shows the finishing touches being put to Gatwick Airport, in Surrey, in readiness for the official opening of the terminal buildings by the Queen next Monday. In the centre is the spacious terminal building in front of which is the high-level roundabout with the diverted Brighton road running underneath. On the left is the reconstructed railway station on the main London to Brighton line, and on the right is the covered corridor leading from the terminal building to the apron and along which passengers will walk to their aircraft instead of using airport buses. When the airport re-enters service it will be the first of its kind in the world to combine air, rail and road transport in one unit. It will permit passengers to travel directly to and from the airport, thus avoiding the need of a town terminal. Gatwick's primary use will be that of a main diversion centre for international flights unable to land at London Airport because of bad weather. It will also take over a number of the air services to the Channel Islands.



LONDON'S NEWEST AIRPORT

Gatwick Airport, in Surrey, Reopens Next Week in its Enlarged Form

On left—

THE INGENUITY OF MODERN PLANNING: Taken from the top of the airport's new terminal building, the view shows the fly-over approach to the ingenious high-level roundabout which will make for a free flow of traffic on the diverted London to Brighton Road running underneath.

UNIQUE JUNCTION OF AIR, RAIL AND ROAD TRANSPORT: The aerial view gives an impression of the immense proportions of the important development scheme which has been in progress in Surrey to give London a much-needed additional airport. The old 370-acre airport at Gatwick is now double its size, and will accommodate the largest airliners. The work has been carried out at a cost of about £7,000,000 and the airport is expected to become fully operational shortly after the Queen's visit.

NERVE CENTRE: The new control tower has been constructed at the north end of Gatwick's main runway and is a mile west of the terminal building. The site was carefully chosen to afford aircraft traffic controllers the best possible position from which to direct movements.

ALIGHT HERE FOR GATWICK: The platforms of the old Gatwick racecourse railway station have been reconstructed to serve air passengers arriving at Gatwick by rail from Victoria. A bridge connects the station to the terminal building.

The World of Books

BOER WAR IN PERSPECTIVE

A History of the South African Conflict; The Greek Islands in Wartime and Naples at Peace; A New Thurber and Other Recent Fiction

IT is more than half a century since the Boer War tore South Africa apart and started many violent controversies in this country. From this distance in time Mr. Edgar Holt has written its history with sanity, good judgment and the perspective which makes both these things possible. THE BOER WAR (Putnam. 25s.) is an eminently readable book because of its cool, uncluttered style and its directness, but it is also, I imagine, of interest even to a generation who grew up knowing nothing of Redvers Buller or the Modder River. The story that Mr. Holt tells is revealed as a vital part of Britain's history as well as her empire's, and even if it is not the most glorious chapter in that long record, at least it had its moments of fineness and of fantastic physical courage. Above all, it is a chapter which needs to be read because it was during the Boer War that so much about warfare and the political aspects of colonisation became painfully and bitterly clear.

The generals who failed and the generals who succeeded; the times of wild jubilation and the restlessness on the home front, all these are lucidly reported by a writer who has planned and achieved the best book, in my memory, on this particular conflict.

Mr. Anthony Watkins is the brother of Gino Watkins, the young explorer who died so tragically in Greenland in 1932, and he is also a man to whom the adventurous and the hazardous appeals, as witness his book of reminiscences, THE SEA MY HUNTING GROUND (Heinemann. 18s.). This is the story of a venture which occupied him for some years and which consisted in fishing for basking sharks off the west coast of Scotland, killing them, getting them ashore and finding a market for their produce. Each of these operations seems to have been equally chancy, not to say highly dangerous, but Mr. Watkins survived them. He has now sold his commercial fishing interests and, in his leisure moments, turned his attention to such placid occupations as bull-fighting, ski-ing and poker. He is now writing a handbook on the latter.

YOUNG MAN IN THE SUN (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.) is a book of indeterminate status; fact, fiction, authentic background, imaginary characters by a writer whose pen-name is Peter Greave and who was actually born and partly brought up in the Calcutta which he describes with such evocative power. As Greave, the central figure of a wild but not improbable series of adventures, he is a man to be pitied for his circumstances: his poverty, loneliness and dependence on the job of selling refrigerators to Indians who would as soon have thought about buying one as bidding for the Taj Mahal. On the other hand, he is to be envied for being so wonderfully articulate, for having a great, zany sense of the comic and for enlisting our sympathies so effortlessly. This is first and foremost an amusing book, but it is not a shallow one, and the author's compassion is quite as real as his wit.

Mr. John Lincoln has written of his war experiences in ACHILLES AND THE TORTOISE (Heinemann. 18s.), and since these included working as saboteur in the Greek islands which he had known and loved in peacetime, his book not only has a beautiful setting but considerable liveliness as to the action. Mr. Lincoln's appointment had the impressive title of Director of the Subversion of Enemy Troops in the Eastern Ægean. His work brought him into touch with the Greek leaders of the Resistance and notably with Achilles, on Samos, who became his friend and who also came to epitomise the disastrous political disunity of the Greeks. Exciting as this book often is in narration, it is the writer's feeling for the Ægean and the warmth of his memories which will remain longest with the reader.

Something of the same form of nostalgia which informs the last book is apparent in NAPLES AND CAMPANIA REVISITED (Hollis and Carter. 30s.), although here, demonstrably, the writer has overcome his romantic reluctance and returned to the scenes on which he is possibly one of the greatest living authorities. That Englishmen love Italy and have loved its country and its art for hundreds of years is an accepted—and by now almost an historical—fact. Mr. Edward Hutton is of these, with the difference that his erudition and his knowledge surpass those of most dedicated travellers in Italy and that he has made it possible, learnedly and pleasantly, for the rest of us to share his enjoyment. The region of which he writes in the present book is the country that surrounds Naples in a wide crescent to the landward and, of course, the city itself.

Everyone to their especial tastes and hobbies, and of these, in the past twenty years or more, bird-watching has taken a more and more important place. Mr. Kenneth Richmond, the author of WILD VENTURE (Bles. 21s.), is of the opinion that bird-watchers have been on the increase for as much as fifty years, but I should have thought this was the optimistic figure of an expert. In any case, he has produced a book for his fellow-*afficionados* and for the amateur peerer, too. The background is kept scrupulously to Scotland. I would have enjoyed even more photographs, difficult as it is to achieve them, but apart from that reservation I found the book, in its specialised way, quite absorbing.

"THE SPARTACANS": Labelled as "Angry Young Men," Colin Wilson (second from left), Bill Hopkins (third from left) and Stuart Holroyd (right), with an unknown "adviser" (left), discuss the manifesto for their new political party, the object of which is world government and a federation of all nations. The party is named after Spartacus, the Roman gladiator who escaped to lead the slaves' army in the famous Gladiators' war. In Germany after the First World War, an extreme left-wing group was called after Spartacus. They were the Spartacists, who attempted to set up a proletarian dictatorship and were the forerunners of the German Communist Party.

PREP SCHOOL (Michael Joseph. 16s.), by Mr. James Kenward, is a piece of enchantment: not a solid piece, perhaps, because that would be too heavy-sounding for it, but an almost palpable part of the tradition, security and unrecognised happiness that go to make up the years when a small boy may go to a really good preparatory school—good in the true sense of peaceful development rather than examination results. Mr. Kenward was at the school he describes when cabs still came to coll the boys for their end-of-term train. But now as th boys still walk with their picnics towards the Kent cliffs, and Sports Day is a highlight of the summer ter

BRANN AND THE ICONOCLAST (Nelson. 15 is in violent contrast to prove not so much that it tak all sorts to make a world, but that in some parts of t world like Texas, even such a man as editor Brann pr vides almost too much variety. Brann was a Texan wh in the 1890's, ran a one-man paper called *The Iconocla* started and maintained a number of feuds, worked h sheet up to a world-wide circulation of 120,000, and die as did his enemy, after a gun duel in one of Waco's ma streets. As Mr. Charles Carver, Texan by choice, te the story, it beats most of the Western movies an happens to be true.

First of the novels, in practically all senses, is Mi Nadine Gordimer's A WORLD OF STRANGER (Gollancz. 16s.), which is about a young Englishma arriving for the first time in Johannesburg to represe his family's publishing firm and discovering, equally fi the first time, that even so small a city may contain tw separate, hostile worlds. There were times when I thoug that Miss Gordimer had the dice too heavily loade against the English people, but perhaps she felt sh needed the exaggeration to prove her point. Certain she writes brilliantly and can occasionally write tender

NATALIE (Cassell. 16s.) is Alexandra Orme's sto about a Polish family in Budapest during the war, wel bred, broke and with enough vitality to share among princess grandmother and a fourteen-year-old grand daughter, the girl of the title. She is an adventuress, b one you can admire for her independence. Less admirabl she is a pathological liar, a snooper and a sneak. T author knew this war-torn Budapest all too well an writes of it poignantly and evocatively.

Mr. James Thurber in THE WONDERFUL (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) has written a fine litt piece of nonsense, like a grown-up fairy-tale, about island attacked by pirates who were so furious at n finding the expected treasure that they decided to aboli all the words that had the letter "o" in them. This le to confusion until the islanders managed to banish the and to restore the use of such great words as valour, hon love and that all-important multi-propagandised freedom

From France and Norway come two amazingly di ferent novels, each with its own powerful impact. M. Rog Peyrefitte's SPECIAL FRIENDSHIPS (Secker and Wa burg. 18s.) was first published thirteen years ago an has here been translated by Mr. Edward Hyams. It a study of boys' adolescence and of a young attachme in a Catholic seminary. Subtle, complex but not to abstruse. LINDEMAN'S DAUGHTERS (Barrie. 16 is by the Norwegian novelist, Mrs. Synnove Christense and has been translated by Mr. Mervyn Savill. This a saga set in the latter half of the eighteenth centur lusty with love-affairs, brutality, greed and ambition.

Vernon Fane.

BRITISH INDIA IN THE 19th CENTURY

I do not wholly admit that all which I have read in fiction or biography of our Empire-builders in the India of the nineteenth century has given me a romanticised picture of the lives led by the Company's servants. If the truth is that their lives were a "necessary hell" because it resulted in the freedom of Indians to (perhaps) produce their own hells, I would again take a middle position. If their lives were hell, it was a hell which many of them found "necessary" to secure their own ambitions and their recreations and, with their eyes open and every possible aid from patronage, they chose that career and stuck to it, grumbling often, but happy nowhere else.

Hodson, for example; and even the Lawrences, through whose words Michael Edwardes in THE NECESSARY HELL (Cassell. 21s.) seeks to show what their Indian service was really like. Their father, Colonel Alexander, produced twelve children, and of his six sons no fewer than five chose that way of life under the Company, and clearly not all of them blindfold. George, Henry and John rose to the top, and their quoted words by no means suggest continuous hell. They had their happy times, peaceful times, and always their escapes ended in voluntary return to India. They were anything but frivolous or socially-minded as a family. They forswore cantonments and lived laborious lives. The Mutiny, of course, was sheer hell (for all but Hodson), but perhaps their "*gravitas*" made bearable to them what was hell to lesser men. The story Mr. Edwardes tells is certainly sometimes tragic, sad and cruel. But that applies to most human stories of many lands. The Lawrences, after all, reaped fine harvests from the field of their deliberate choice. For India and themselves the story would be sadder if they had failed. The book is well worth reading among the centenary output.

"ONE OF THE SEVEN"

As a youth I was familiar with his library at Longleat and with his hymns before I recognised him as a Bishop of Bath and Wells, a non-juror and one of the "Seven." I have learned a lot from Hugh Rice's THOMAS KEN (S.P.C.K. 25s.), an admirable choice by the publishers, charmingly and lucidly written. This brave, good and unworldly man was educated at Winchester and New College, and had Isaak Walton as his guardian and brother-in-law. He held a number of small benefices between fellowships until he was chosen as Chaplain to Princess Mary at The Hague. As a preacher he became famous and on the death of Morley of Winchester, Ken, his chaplain, succeeded Morley's successor at Winchester in the See of Bath and Wells. Shortly before, he had been chosen to accompany Dartmouth and Samuel Pepys in the expedition to Tangier to neutralise that damaging dowry of Queen Catherine's. When James II succeeded his brother, Ken was in very close relations with Archbishop Sancroft and stiffened the resistance which led to acquittal in the trial of the Seven Bishops and to deprivation of his See as a non-juror. He was an ideal shepherd of his flock during the interludes which he could devote to his See, which was in the front line of Monmouth's rebellion and Jeffreys' blood-baths. He found sanctuary, after deprivation, at splendid Longleat, with his friend, Lord Weymouth, who assured him peace and a modest independence, for Ken gave all he had to charity. And Godolphin, to his credit, secured him a Royal pension from Queen Anne. He died as he lived, gentle, brave and loyal to established authority to the limit his conscience allowed. Mr. Rice has made him live and spared us the dead bones of some of his controversies.

John Gore.

ARCHITECTURE OF INDIA

INDIAN PRINCE'S SUMMER PALACE: The Bari Maha, in the middle of Pichola Lake at Udaipur, is the summer residence of the ruling prince of the State of Mewar. This is one of Mr. Roderick Cameron's photographs reproduced in the book reviewed below.

"In the mind of the average Englishman, who has never set foot on Indian soil, India is represented by a series of vivid literary images, almost all of them derived from the records of the last two hundred years." Thus Peter Quennell opens his preface to Roderick Cameron's SHADOWS FROM INDIA (Heinemann. 63s.). Mr. Quennell may be a little too limiting in his opinion on the scope of the average Englishman's knowledge. Most people must surely know that India had a civilised culture long before the Nabobs' ancestors ceased to be savages and that Indian temples are far older than European cathedrals. Whether or not this assumption is correct, Mr. Cameron's book is a most welcome and valuable volume. In five sections—Ancient India, Mogul India, Rajput India, British India and Kashmir—he gives large reproductions of photographs he has made of many of the architectural treasures of the great sub-continent. Temples and palaces, statues and details of particular sculptures or decorations delight the eye as one turns the pages of a unique collection of pictures illustrating the influence of Hinduism, Buddhism, Islam and Christianity. Mr. Cameron is always intent upon avoiding the hackneyed. For instance, he states that the Taj Mahal is "the hardest building in the whole of India to photograph, for one has already seen too many reproductions of it."

Two small criticisms. On many pages Mr. Cameron could have given more text to his captions, and most readers would surely like to know more of the history which the author so well expounds. Secondly, some theologians might question the assertion by Mr. Cameron that the caste system is laid down in the Vedas. C. D.

WRITERS AND THEIR CRAFT

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, four books published towards the end of last year by the firm of Alvin Redman have only recently reached THE SPHERE. Each is worth attention, though for very different reasons. THE WRITER OBSERVED (15s.) is by Harvey Breit, the Assistant Editor of the *New York Times* Book Review. The contents consist of reprints of interviews which he had with many well-known names in the world of English literature on both sides of the Atlantic, starting with T. S. Eliot in 1948 and ending with William Faulkner in 1955. They are only glimpses of men and women at work, but with the author's introduction on the craft of writing and journalism the book is rewarding reading.

Novelists writing in any language owe an incalculable debt to France. The brothers Edmond and Jules de Goncourt were pioneers in "realism" and "naturalism," showing the way to Zola, Daudet and Flaubert. One of Edmond de Goncourt's major books is THE ZEMGANNO BROTHERS (15s.), a classic among novels of the circus. The translation by Leonard Clark and Iris Allam is apparently the second English version to be made. They have very rightly aimed at the essence of de Goncourt rather than linguistic exactness, and the result is a splendid introduction to an important, if often overlooked, novelist. Among modern French writers Henri Troyat may be said to be in the realist tradition. AMELIE IN LOVE (16s.) is the first volume of a trilogy dealing with a French family over the past forty years. Massive but readable.

AIMEE, by Margaret Winthrop Law (15s.), is a novel in English about the French girl who became Sultana of the Sultan Mahmud II of Turkey 150 years ago. It should appeal to those who like their history romanticised from a foundation of basic documents.

C. D.

A WEST INDIAN PLAY AT THE ROYAL COURT: Della (Cleo Laine), a beautiful but poverty-stricken West Indian, stands with head bowed during the Obeah (Voodoo) dance in *Flesh to a Tiger*. Standing behind Della, watching and gloating, is Shepherd Aaron (James Clarke), the self-appointed leader of a religious sect who leads the processional rites and pronounces a ceremonial curse on the girl's sick baby. This melodrama, set in the poor Negro quarters of a Jamaican shanty town, depicts the struggle of the distressed inhabitants to free themselves from native superstitions without coming under white domination in the form of an English doctor who is trying to save the baby by medicine. Much of the dialogue contains long passages in poetic prose which, although only occasionally effective, is delivered diligently, in particular by the young West Indian woman who is the victim of circumstance. The production is by Tony Richardson.

TWO NEW DRAMAS IN LONDON

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT: Richard Brough (Charles Laughton) becomes over-excited shortly after his return from an inebriates' home and is restrained by Elsie Sharp (Elsa Lanchester), on left, and Frances Brough (Joyce Redman).

CHARLES LAUGHTON'S RETURN TO THE LONDON STAGE: In this poignant domestic scene from *The Party*, at the New Theatre, he is seen, in the role of Richard Brough, leaning over the shoulder of his daughter Henrietta (Ann Lynn), while the young girl's admirer, Soya Marshall (Albert Finney), points an accusing finger. One of the theatre's most important first-night audiences for a good many months presented itself on the occasion of Mr. Laughton's return to the London stage after an absence of twenty-two years. He was given a rousing welcome by a public which seldom forgets its old favourites and which has had to satisfy itself with the films made during his excursion to Hollywood. Not only was the evening a great personal success for Laughton, but it was shared by the remainder of the small company, Elsa Lanchester (his wife); Joyce Redman; John Welsh and two promising newcomers—Ann Lynn and Albert Finney. For his reappearance Laughton boldly chose to take part in and direct a play by a new young authoress, Jane Arden. The plot, sensitively treated, but not always under complete control, revolves round the fact that Henrietta suffers the humiliation of knowing that her father is a drunk and in an inebriates' home. She shames her mother into postponing his homecoming until after a party to celebrate her birthday. But the plan goes awry. Her father appears on the scene, causing despair to the girl, who rings up her friends in his presence and brutally cancels the celebration. His sudden appearance also brings varied emotional reaction to the rest. Yet in the end it is left to the young girl, who had once hated her father, to reveal to him his redeeming qualities.

THE PRINCESS IN TOWN

A Round of Engagements on the Same Day for Princess Margaret; a Regimental Luncheon and Two Occasions in Aid of Children's Societies

A ROYAL VISIT TO THE CINEMA: Princess Margaret arrives at the Odeon Theatre, in Leicester Square, to attend the World Première of the film *The Key*. The performance, to benefit the Invalid Children's Aid Association, was sponsored by the Variety Club of Great Britain.

A LUNCHEON ENGAGEMENT: An umbrella shields Princess Margaret from the rain as she arrives at the Caledonian Club in London, to attend the Regimental Luncheon of the Highland Light Infantry (City of Glasgow Regiment), of which the Princess is Colonel-in-Chief. All four pictures on this page were taken on the same day.

TWO OCCASIONS IN AID OF CHILDREN: *Left*—The Princess takes her seat in the Odeon Theatre for the charity film performance. *Right*—At St. Pancras Town Hall the Mayor, Councillor Tom Brown, presents his wife to the Princess during the annual council meeting of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. In her speech at the meeting Her Royal Highness said: "It is perhaps a sad reflection on the civilisation we have built up that a society such as ours should have to exist at all."

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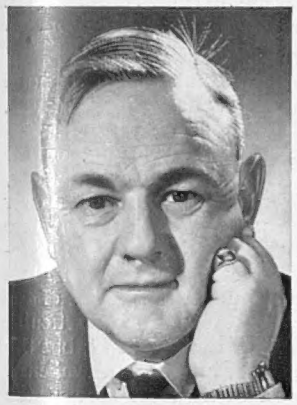

The Rt. Hon. LORD HAILSHAM, Q.C.

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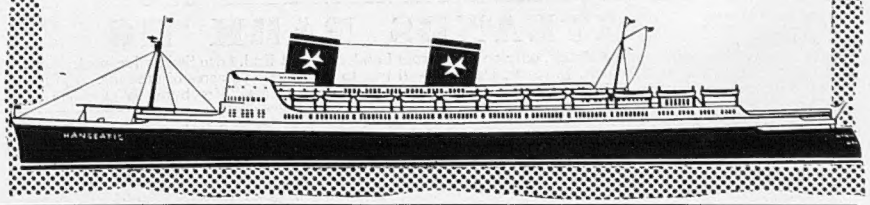

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WHAT A HEAVENLY PLACE! There have been many occasions, both at home and abroad, when my wife and I have simultaneously expressed this thought. There was that landlocked bathing beach below Taormina; that Sunday morning one springtime when we lazed in the sequestered grounds of the Grand Italia Hotel at Cannero, on Lake Maggiore. Similar thoughts have been in our mind at that delectable guest home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Waterhouse, Tahilla Cove, near Parknasilla, Co. Kerry.

This week I am going to try and tell you of some heavenly places in Britain, though fully conscious of the fact that everyone's conception of a heaven on earth must vary in accordance with individual temperament, the hour and the mood.

Are you looking for a country retreat where you can cast aside the shackles of housekeeping, business or professional cares? Then come with us to our latest discovery—Little Hallands Hotel at Bishopstone, Sussex. You may have passed within a mile and a half of it many times, for the turning is off the busy Newhaven/Seaford road and the signpost reads "Bishopstone Village. No through road" and that, in turn, means no traffic noises. Here, at the end and nestling in a fold of the South Downs, lies this partially sixteenth-century dwelling which Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Crawford opened as an hotel and country club last year.

Charmingly furnished (we were particularly attracted to the large lounge with its open hearth), Little Hallands provides that little heaven on earth which many a town dweller would like to know about. Nothing more unhotel-like could be imagined. There is no reception office and no hall porter's desk, for Little Hallands is essentially a personal affair with Mrs. Crawford more often than not in her model kitchen and her husband, when not presiding over the club bar, attending to the exacting needs of a sunny, sheltered garden with their niece, a most pleasant and willing Jill of all trades.

Apart from the complete quiet and seclusion of the country, the eye attraction and bodily comfort of bedrooms and public rooms, we found a high regard and a most intelligent interest in both food and wine. Our sample lunch (it should be needless to say that we arrived quite unexpectedly) was delicious and will long be remembered. We particularly commend, as a result, Mrs. Crawford's home-made soups, her sauces and her sweets. The cheese platter included Camembert and both this course and coffee were included in the price of 10s. 6d. per head. Certainly we shall follow in the wake of others and return to this little heaven down in Sussex.

Anyone seeking accommodation for the Glyndebourne Opera should note well that Bishopstone is only seven miles distant. Tel.: Seaford 2581. Inclusive terms from 8–12 gns., according to accommodation and season. A club bar is available to guests as temporary members for 2s. 6d.

Leaving Little Hallands with reluctance we visited another Sussex hotel beyond Hastings (no names, no pack drill) where we felt that had we stayed, we should have suffered the tortures of the damned, so that night we returned to an old favourite—The White Friars Hotel, near Herstmonceux, on the Hastings-Horsebridge-Lewes road. One of our earliest recommendations, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wreford, who have been its resident owners for over twenty years, have through the years always been putting back money into their pride, so that to-day from either a catering or residential angle, it represents as good a value as can be found in Sussex. Few country hotels can boast such varied menus and wine list as is to be found on any night of the week in their intriguing Buttery below stairs. Our meal was perfect (particular praise for the French pancakes), our waitress was a ministering angel, but the morning touch of heaven was our breakfast, served in our bedroom. Awakened by the *post dejeuner* chorus of the birds, the sound of a motor-mower, the scent of wallflowers and other spring flowers in the garden below our window, a knock came at the door. An immaculately white-aproned, good-looking waitress entered competing with the spring sunshine without, and within a short space of time we enjoyed a breakfast that once more drew spontaneously from us the thought, "This is heaven."

So far we have only touched on Sussex. Yet that is but a fraction of the story, so let me try and visualise the whims and fancies of those who may read this column.

What is your problem? In short, can I help you find that heavenly holiday on earth? It may well be a honeymoon—I enjoy starting newly-weds on the highway of matrimonial bliss, but please, if you write on this subject, do remember to tell me where and what time the reception will be so that I can calculate how far you can reasonably travel before you halt awhile.

Perhaps your idea of heaven is a sporting holiday, fishing, sailing or golf?

Or perhaps you are a young couple with one or more children who have not yet reached the school holiday age? Do please arrange your holiday plans outside this busy period, for all the best accommodation has long since been snapped up.

For those who have to arrange their holiday during the peak season, I would give this one thought of consolation. If you have a car, seek somewhere within daily reach of the coast and, in this respect, I may be able to help you.

Heaven is not a matter of paying the earth for it, so for anyone who wants to escape from everyday pursuits and is sufficiently inquisitive, write to Peter Wood, White Horse Hotel, Island of Herm, Channel Isles, and so learn how to escape from sophisticated life. Here is a complete little country in itself, its shores bounded by rocky coves and bays with long stretches of silvery sands.

A friend of ours, not usually exuberant, wrote "Really, this is a superb place for a holiday. I could eulogise about it for hours but do not know where to begin. Time just doesn't matter, there aren't any clocks and no one minds how late one is for meals. It 's the general atmosphere of the place that gets you. Everyone is so happy and the staff so efficient and so imaginative." One word of warning, this heaven closes from sometime in October until Easter next year.

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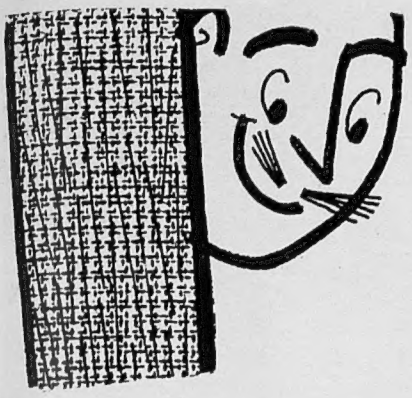

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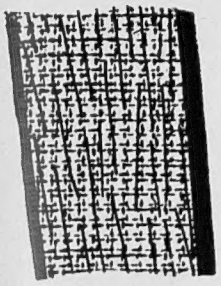

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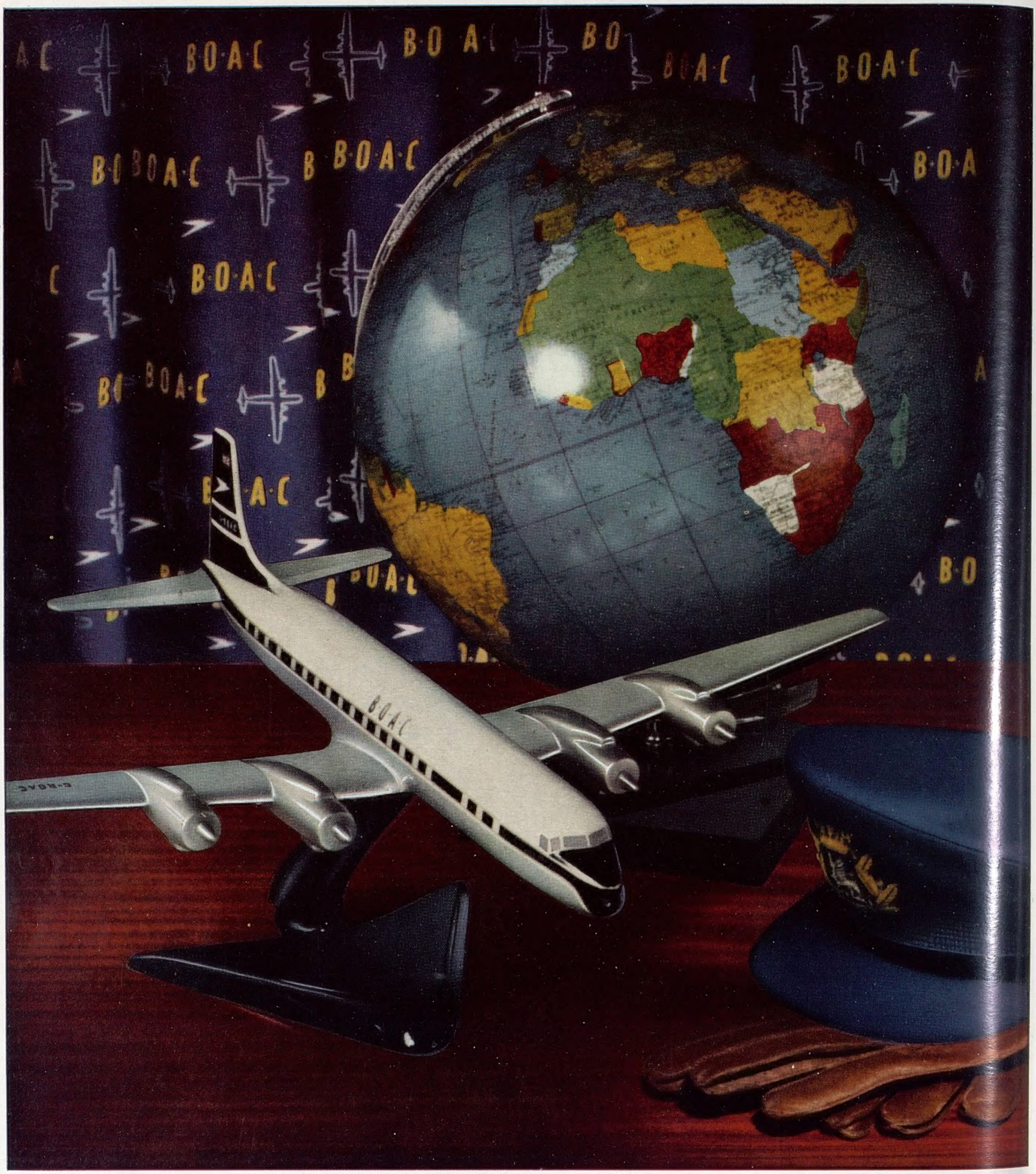

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